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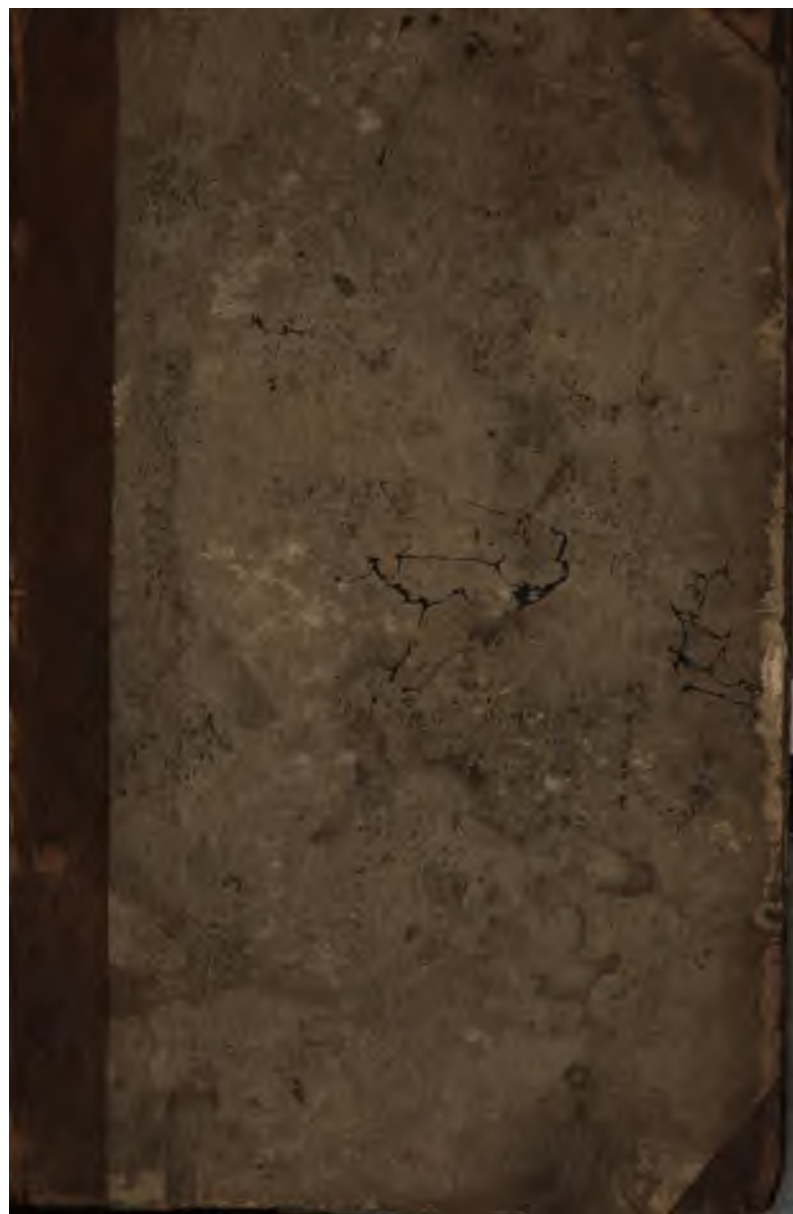
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280. f 1750^a





The Rev. Samuel Bishop A.M.

P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A.M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for CADELL and DAVIES in the Strand;
PAYNE, Mews Gate; and MAWMAN, Poultry.

1802.



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Printers-Street.

TO THE
K I N G.

S I R,

I PRESUME to offer to your Majesty's notice the works of a poet, whom history may perhaps hereafter record as an ornament to your Majesty's Reign; an æra distinguished in the annals of Great Britain for the progress of polite literature and the general diffusion of refined taste.

The author, Sir, though a lively and playful writer, was impartial in his judgment, and just in his principles: that he

was also affectionately attached to Your Majesty and Your Royal Consort, will appear from several of his compositions. They contain the sentiments of a great and upright mind; sentiments, in which the hearts of all the virtuous and the wise delight to participate, but which genius alone, like his, can express in a manner adequate to their sincerity and their force. I am,

SIR,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Most faithful Subject,

and most dutiful Servant,

GOLDER'S HILL,
June 11, 1796.

THOMAS CLARE.

ADVERTISEMENT
TO
THE THIRD EDITION.

IN this Edition the arrangement is nearly the same that it was in the first. The English epigrams are all classed under one head in Vol. II.—Some few of the Latin poems, which were not in the last Edition, are now inserted at the end of Vol. I.—and the Life of the Author, which was only in the Quarto copies, is reprinted with corrections and additions.

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M E M O I R S
O F
T H E L I F E
O F
T H E R E V E R E N D M R. B I S H O P.

**Quod munus reipublicæ afferre majus meliusve possumus,
quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem ?**

CICERO de Divinatione, lib. ii. § 2.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LIFE
OF
THE REVEREND MR. BISHOP.

ENGAGED in superintending the publication of my deceased friend's Poetical Works, I conceive that the interest excited by the writings, will be extended to the author; and that the world will desire some information concerning the person, whose very productions prove him to have been distinguished by uncommon mental endowments.

The trite observation, that the lives of literary men are deficient in incidents to gratify curiosity, could never be more justly applied, than on the present occasion. Nothing to attract the attention, or to amuse the imagination, can be expected in the memoirs of a writer, who published no work of importance; took no active part in public concerns;

was engaged in no controversy, nor involved in any personal dispute; whose days were rendered remarkable by no signal instance of either good or bad fortune; and whose whole life was passed in one even and uniform tenor,—and almost upon one spot,—where he instructed youth in his school, and cultivated literature in the retirement of his closet.—Yet those short notices, which my recollection preserves, or my inquiry has been able to obtain, concerning an author, whose works will probably descend to posterity, I ought not to withhold from the public, who will read his compositions with increased satisfaction, when they shall know that the amiable qualities of his disposition were not inferior to the vigorous powers of his understanding. However conscious I may be of my own disqualification for the office of his biographer, reverence for his memory forbids me to neglect a duty which my heart feels to be sacred. I have spent the greater part of my life with him; and I will not leave his character to be established upon report, which might be erroneous;

or to be hereafter founded upon tradition, which must of necessity be uncertain and imperfect.

MR. BISHOP was descended from a respectable family *. His father, George, was born at Hollway, (the family estate,) in the parish of Catstock in Dorsetshire. He appears to have quitted that place early in life; and to have resided chiefly in London, or its vicinity. He married Mary Palmer, daughter of Mr. Samuel Palmer of Southover near Lewes; a descendant of one of the younger branches of the antient family of the Palmers of Sussex.

Samuel, his eldest son, and the subject of these memoirs, was born in St. John's Street, London, on the 21st of September (old style) in the year 1731. He was tender and delicate in his bodily constitution,

* The family, I believe, was originally of Worcestershire; and descended from John Bishop, who married Agnes Alen, cousin and heir to John Malefune De-la-More of that county: as appears by the Tower Records, Anno 2 Hen. IV. A.D. 1400. The Coat Armour born by the family, was granted to William Bishop, of Hollway, in August 1627.

yet gave early indications of uncommon capacity and application. His father, who was well-instructed himself, and a man of sound judgment, attended carefully to his education; and noting the dawn of genius in his mind, determined that he should receive all the advantages of instruction and literary improvement, which a public school can afford. He was accordingly entered at Merchant-Tailors' School, London, in June 1743, when he was between eleven and twelve years of age.—From that time there appeared in him strong evidences of a marked character, and peculiar designation of mind. He soon became conscious of his own powers: he rose above his fellows; and attracted the notice and approbation of his masters. He read with avidity, and composed with some success. His first essays, however imperfect, evinced great natural abilities, and an original vein of humour. The applause bestowed by his friends, encouraged him to pursue his studies with redoubled assiduity. History and poetry, I believe, at first divided his attention; though the last soon became

the predominant impulse of his mind. He not only acquired that classical knowledge which is usually obtained in a public seminary, but also became intimately acquainted with the best authors in our own language: and some of his writings prove that he had perused Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Swift, at an early age, with much discrimination and critical judgment. When he was far advanced in the upper form of the school, the Rev. James Townley, then a very young man, was elected under-master. Possessed of a brilliant imagination himself, he observed the expanding powers of genius in Mr. Bishop; and an intimacy commenced between them, which continued, uninterrupted on either side, during the remainder of their lives. Mr. Townley was a man of agreeable manners, and the happiest talents for conversation. Never overstepping the bounds of decorum, never forgetting the respect due to his own character, or the feelings of others, he enlivened his discourse by perpetual sallies of genuine pleasantry. An elegant

writer himself, and a skilful judge of literary excellence *, he certainly contributed to form the taste of our young Author; who was proud to be noticed by him, and to be permitted to assist in preparing the exercises for the days of public examination. Those which he spoke himself, were of his own composition. The head-master of Merchant-Taylors' at that time was Mr. Criche, a diligent teacher, and a well-grounded scholar; though marked by some singularities of character. Mr. Bishop often mentioned with gratitude the improvement which he had received under the instruction of that worthy man.

On the 11th of June 1750, Mr. Bishop was elected to St. John's College, Oxford. He was happy in

* Mr. Garrick had so high an opinion of Mr. Townley's judgment, that he submitted his own writings to his correction. He was the Author of "High Life below Stairs," an excellent farce commonly attributed to Garrick.—Mr. Murphy has denied this fact in his "Life of Garrick,"—but has since acknowledged his mistake, and promised to correct it whenever there may be a second edition of that work.

being placed there under the tuition of Dr. Fry, who with considerable learning, united a knowledge of the world, and the manners of a gentleman. He soon distinguished Mr. Bishop by particular regard, directed his course of reading with friendly solicitude, and recommended to him the continual study of the ancients, as the most correct models of composition; advice, which Mr. Bishop followed with strict attention, and always acknowledged with grateful recollection.—He was admitted Fellow of St. John's, in 1753: and in 1754, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. About the same time he was ordained Deacon; and Priest, I believe, in the following year. —He was then settled in the curacy of Headley in Surry; whither he had removed on account of a declining state of health. Change of air soon restored him. He continued to divide his time between Surry, and the university, till the year 1758, when he took the degree of Master of Arts.

He quitted Headley in the same year; and came to reside entirely in London, on his being elected

under-master of Merchant-Taylors' School. He was appointed also curate of St. Mary Abchurch; at some time afterwards chosen lecturer of St. Christopher-le-Stocks; a church since taken down for the enlargement of the Bank.—In 1762, his friend Mr. Townley, who had been elected head-master twelve years before, introduced the acting of Latin plays; an exercise for the boys. The Eunuch, the Troas of Seneca abridged, and the Ignoramus cut down to farce, were represented at Merchant-Taylors' seven nights. Mr. Garrick gave the scenery; Mr. Bishop furnished some of the prologues and epilogues; and Mr. Townley's good taste directed the whole. The theatrical exhibitions, though much applauded, were continued no more than two seasons; the Merchant-Taylors' Company disapproving of them, as likely to draw the attention of the Scholars from more useful pursuits, and more important acquirements.

About this time Mr. Bishop published an "Ode to the Earl of Lincoln on the Duke of Newcastle's retirement." It appeared without his name; and was re-

so much designed to attract public attention, as to conciliate the favor of a noble family, who honored with friendly regard the father of the lady, to whom Mr. Bishop then paid his addresses, and whom he afterwards married. She was Mary, one of the daughters of Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Old Malling near Lewes, and descended from an elder branch of the family of the Palmers already mentioned*. His affection and esteem for her continued through life with unabating force. What opinion he formed of her excellent

* To the description of the village of Angmering in the "History of Sussex," this account of the Palmer family is added:

"This town is rendered famous by the birth of *John, Henry, and Thomas Palmer*, the three sons of *Edward Palmer* esq. then inhabiting it. Their mother was the daughter of one Mr. *Clement of Wales*, who joining in the assistance of King *Henry VII.* from his landing at *Milford-Haven* to the battle at *Bosworth Field*, when he won the throne by killing King *Richard III.* was rewarded with several lands in this and the next county. It happened that their mother, at their birth, was above a fortnight in labour, and brought forth *John* the eldest on *Whitsunday*, *Henry* on *Trinity Sunday*, and *Thomas* the *Sunday* after. They all three proved brave and valiant men, and were on that account knighted for their remarkable

qualities, will be seen in his writings. By her he had only one child, a daughter *, whom he ever loved with the tenderest regard, and who is now "a living likeness of her *father*." On his marriage he settled in Scots-yard, Bush-lane; and there wrote several essays and poems, which appeared in a periodical publication called "The Ladies Club,"—printed in the Ledger. He also published, by subscription, a volume of Latin poems, entitled "*Feræ poeticæ*;" which, tho' remarkable for neat and elegant Latinity, was known only to his friends, and a few literary characters. It was often Mr. Bishop's lot to undertake that which was most laborious, and least beneficial. — His intimacy with Woodward †, the co-

successes, as well as famous for their nativities. From them are descended the knightly family of *Palmer* in this county and *Kent*, of whom Sir *Roger Palmer* was Treasurer to King *Charles I.* and died at above eighty years old."

Magna Britannia, vol. v. p. 473.

* Named *Mary Palmer* after her mother, and paternal grandmother.

† Mr. Woodward was assisted by Mr. Bishop in composing an entertainment for the stage, to be called "The Seasons;"

median, who had been educated at Merchant-Taylors', induced him frequently to turn his thoughts towards writing for the stage: and he was persuaded by his friend's solicitations to offer to the managers "The Fairy Benison," an interlude in imitation of Shakespeare, intended as a compliment to the royal family on the first appearance of the Prince of Wales at the theatre. The manuscript was returned for alteration. Either the Author grew tired of the subject, or in the meanwhile some more favored competitor stepped in. The Fairy Benison was not acted. Whether from failure in this attempt, or diffidence of his own abilities, I know not; but he relinquished also a design, which had engaged much of his attention, the writing a tragedy for representation. The plot was

and intended to have been exhibited in a stile of splendor, at that time unexampled. Woodward had two favorite projects in view; one was to bring out this superb pantomime; and the other to introduce his black servant, whom he had instructed, with infinite pains, to play Othello. In both these schemes he was disappointed, I believe by the refusal of the managers.

founded on some subject of the English history, and I understood that a part had been finished; but not a fragment remains.

These are the only instances within my knowledge in which Mr. Bishop attempted to apply his singular endowments to the advancement of his own reputation and fortune. From this period he devoted his talents to the amusement of a few select friends, and the laborious duties of his profession.

In 1783 he was elected head-master of Merchant-Tailors'; how much to the reputation and benefit of the school, will not be speedily forgotten. He then removed from New Basinghall-street, where he had resided some years, to Suffolk-lane; and about the same time took a house at Golder's-Hill, in the parish of Hendon, Middlesex, where he and his family might occasionally retire for change of scene and air. Mrs. Bishop's state of health appeared then very precarious; and his own began to fail. His mind, indeed, was perpetually engrossed by one object. After he became head-master he allowed himself no

time for relaxation or exercise. No personal comfort or enjoyment was ever suffered to come in competition with the credit of the school. The recess was often given up to the preparation for an approaching day of examination. And for the election-day alone he generally supplied, from the fertile resources of his own mind, above one hundred different compositions.

—He had the happiness however to see his merits acknowledged by his patrons, the Merchant-Tailors' Company, who, in the year 1789, as a proof of their particular esteem, presented him to the living of St. Martin Outwich in London, never before held together with the school. The Bishop of Bangor, who had known him many years, and always honored him with the most friendly regard, had before obtained for him, from the Earl of Aylesford, the rectory of Ditton in Kent.

The ample income Mr. Bishop now possessed he did not long enjoy. Bodily infirmities grew fast upon him. He was worn by repeated and severe fits of the gout, inherited from his father, whose confi-

tution was broken by that disorder before he was thirty; he began to desire rest and quiet; and he found the labour of his employment too great for his strength: yet his anxious sollicitude for the welfare of the school, made him unwilling to relinquish his situation. In the mean time, all those who loved him, observed with concern, that his health was gradually declining.

At the latter end of the year 1794 he sustained heavy loss in the death of a most worthy man, and his dearest friend, Mr. Dickins, one of the Prothonotaries of the court of Common Pleas, with whom he had lived in habits of the most cordial affection from the time they had known each other at college. This event, entirely unexpected, was a severe shock particularly to a mind already weakened by illness. In the beginning of 1795 he was alarmed by an oppression upon his breath, which came on with great violence. It gave way in some degree to the power of medicine; but his strength diminished rapidly during the spring. Dr. Pitcairn, who at

tended him to the day of his decease, had, from the beginning, no hope of his recovery. His disorder was water on the chest. Of this it was not thought necessary to apprise him; though he had sufficient intimations what the event might be. He took occasion to express the sincerity of his religious faith; and prayed fervently to the Almighty, that he would extend protection to his family. In regard to his own future state he seemed perfectly at ease. He was confined only a few days; his mind was very little affected by delirium; and “brief bursts of splendor” marked the brilliancy of his imagination to the last. He felt no violent pains, but a great degree of that restlessness which usually precedes dissolution. The principal alleviation he appeared to receive in this state of suffering, proceeded from the affectionate attention of his wife and daughter. Mrs. Bishop’s presence inspired him with constant delight; and he often alluded to a composition of his own, in which he had said, that his last sigh should breathe applause of her. On the morning of the 17th of

November 1795, he concluded a life devoted to the duties of his office, and the service of the public: and on the 24th of the same month, his remains were deposited in the rector's vault in the church of St. Martin Outwich.

Mr. Bishop was in stature about the middle size; well proportioned and well formed; except that his chest was narrow, which occasioned a stoop in his shoulders, and a depression of his head. His face was what would be oftener called pleasing, than handsome. His eyes were dark, brilliant, and penetrating: their natural lustre was heightened by the vivacity of their motion, and their expression was improved by the flexibility of his brows; which were black, though not prominent; and marked strong sense, rather than severity; while the smile of good humour generally played round his mouth. The whole countenance was highly animated, and spoke the intelligent and candid character of his mind. It shewed undisguised every internal emotion: appear-

ing somewhat terrible, when clouded by anger; delightfully comic, when exhilarated by mirth; but most interesting, when perfectly calm and placid.

His address was "frank, though not forward." There was in his manner no distant pride, no supercilious affectation, nothing to discourage or disconcert, nothing but what expressed complacency and simplicity of heart.—His conversation was sprightly and captivating; though not so much supplied from the treasures of information, with which his mind was stored, as from the playfulness of his fancy, and the original sources of his own imagination. Amiable and inoffensive pleasantries; prompt and vigorous conceptions; apt, yet singular illustrations; judgment, ready to mark nice distinctions; wit, eager to seize distant relations; remarks forcible, because just; points striking, because unexpected; and a rapid succession of images, expressed in appropriate language, wherein, however, elegance was less regarded than strength; these appear to be some of the distinguishing characters of his familiar discourse.—His

temper was chearful and gay, inclined to enjoy the pleasures of social freedom: and his disposition was modest, open, and friendly. Never assuming or intrusive, in his intercourse with the world he manifested a diffidence, and a delicacy of sentiment, peculiar to himself. It is true that he evidently felt an ingenuous pride in receiving honest praise. But, if he delighted in the approbation of men of sense and virtue, he was first careful to deserve their esteem. At least he scorned to solicit applause by an ostentatious display of his own good qualities, or by the affectation of virtues which he did not possess. He permitted his sentiments to be visible to all the world, disdaining any concealment; and with a noble spirit, choosing rather to suffer by the baseness of others, than to stoop to a base action himself. He was easy of access, ready to inform, and prompt to oblige; and he took a sincere and active concern in the interest of those he loved, freely devoting his best powers to the service of his friends.—His penetration was strong rather than quick. Candid to make

all fair allowance, and not inclined to distrust, because never disposed to deceive, he sometimes admitted insinuating men into a degree of intimacy, of which they were unworthy; but if his suspicions were once awakened, he judged with severity. If Mr. Bishop ever had an enemy, it was some insincere man of the world, who felt that his real disposition was detected. Where he disliked, he knew how to be repulsive.—In his moral character he was eminently exemplary. Just from principle, and religious from conviction, he regulated all his actions by the strictest rules of integrity; and never, I am persuaded, did an intentional injury to any human being.

As a minister of a parish, he was diligent in all the duties of his function. Tempering zeal with moderation, he secured the love of his parishioners by consistent propriety of conduct, and by virtuous simplicity of manners. He read the prayers of the church in a firm and devout tone; and his sermons, which were admired for clearness of argument joined with power of expression, and for the happy union

of good sense and piety, were delivered with great animation. Yet his elocution seemed to be the result of continued effort; which was owing to a natural defect in the organs of speech, that had prevented him from articulating distinctly during the first years of his infancy, till he had been in some degree relieved by a surgical operation. His voice however was full and sonorous; and his manner was always unaffected and impressive.

Yet excellent as he was in his priestly office, the character, in which Mr. Bishop shone with peculiar lustre, was that of master of a school,—a character seldom esteemed or rewarded in proportion to its usefulness and excellence. No application of talents is more beneficial to society: and no man ever brought more useful talents, or more constant application to this important work, than Mr. Bishop did. The necessary qualifications, learning, integrity, and judgment, he possessed in a superior degree. His abilities, naturally great, were the qualities of a mind ever eager to obtain an increase of knowledge. Both in the

English and French languages, he repeatedly read the most esteemed authors in polite literature; and the Greek and Latin Classics were continually in his hands, and the objects of his enthusiastic admiration. Yet he did not rely solely on his own taste or knowledge; but consulted the various critics and commentators; from a conviction, that it was his duty to neglect no means of information which might be serviceable to his scholars. In explaining to *them* the passages selected for their instruction, no illustration was withheld; no difficulty unnoticed; no allusion to ancient manners or customs, unremarked; no beauty of diction or sentiment, left unobserved; and no hint for moral or mental improvement, permitted to pass without due regard. And all this was done with such friendly interest, such frank familiarity, and such condescending pleasantry, that the boys actually looked forward to the time of lesson, as to an hour of delight — In his attendance at the school he was invariably punctual, being always present himself at the stated hours of

reading prayers, unless prevented by illness, or indispensable avocations. Whatever he undertook he performed with fidelity; but his unremitting diligence at Merchant-Tailors' exceeded all that integrity could require. It was the devotion of time, talents, health, nay of life itself!—In the management of the school his discretion was apparent. He avoided all unnecessary severity, endeavouring, if possible, to interest the feelings of his boys; to win the affection of the ingenuous by kindness, and to restrain the turbulence of the perverse by disgrace. His prudence always observed and checked in the commencement, that spirit of disorder, which if once permitted to break out, his authority might have been unable to quell. His excellence in this respect arose from his foreseeing the result of the measures he pursued; from his knowing when to indulge the lenient disposition of his own mind, and when to restrain misconduct by proper punishment,—punishment the more effectual, in proportion as it was the less frequent. The good consequences of his conduct

were evident. There was no revolt or riot during the whole time of his continuance at the head of the school.—Perhaps the most striking feature in his character was this, that he could render even the office of a school-master engaging. *His boys became scholars and gentlemen* ; and they loved their instructor !*

In regard to Mr. Bishop's poetical talents, it becomes me to speak with diffidence. Yet something may be allowed to the anxiety of friendship, which, without presuming to dictate to the world, takes the liberty to offer a few general observations, the result of long acquaintance with the sentiments and compositions of the author.

He wrote with great facility : and I have known him, after a day spent in the labours of the school, produce, at one sitting, a copy of verses of seventy or

* He dwelt with pleasure on the recollection that he had educated so many deserving young men ; and often, during the latter part of his life, would delight to call himself the father of St. John's College ; the president, and most of the members of that society, having been his scholars.

eighty lines. Many of his poems have been re-touched and finished with repeated care ; while several of them, particularly the shorter pieces, though the rapid effusions of his mind, and often composed during a saunter through the streets, have required little, if any, subsequent amendment. In general it may be said, that his first thoughts flowed with quickness and correctness. Habitual practice had given him great readiness ; and he neglected no means of adding to the stores of his intellectual wealth ; setting down every idea that arose from reading or conversation, which he conceived might afterwards be useful in composition.

The character which principally distinguishes his writings, is an air of originality. His thoughts are commonly such as would scarcely have occurred to any man except himself. If he sometimes repeats an old story, he makes it his own by the manner of telling : if he occasionally amuses himself with a mere play upon words, he often conveys strong meaning under apparent pleasantries : if he seldom attempts

the plaintive, he gains possession of our feelings by mirth and good-humour: and if there are, in his compositions, few effusions of sensibility, there is much observation and knowledge of the human mind. The simplicity and chasteness of his manner are remarkable: the combination of his ideas is always happy, though fanciful; his allusions are apt, though not obvious; and his wit is delightful, because never foreseen. — Every idea is brought to a strong point. In his epigrams particularly, the turn of the thought, and the construction of the sentence, tend to lead the reader imperceptibly to an object, still prepared for, yet still concealed, till it bursts at once upon the view. In those compositions where the sentiment is at first apparent, the strength of expression is reserved for the conclusion: and conceptions, sprightly in themselves, are rendered doubly pleasing by the neatness of his language. The arrangement of his words is perfectly easy; and they are selected and combined with such skill, that they often seem to have occurred of themselves, and to have fallen naturally into their

proper places. It would be difficult to insert one word in the room of another, and not diminish the beauty of the passage. His rhymes are good, though frequently uncommon. In regard to his versification, he has introduced so much variety in the pauses, and in the structure of his lines, that he has been sometimes condemned for the supposed neglect of melody in his measure. I had thought it necessary to remark, in the first edition, that "expression, rather than harmony*, was his object:" and this I

* A critic, to whose judgement I am disposed to pay much deference, has observed, that "he would have said—*melody*, "rather than *harmony*." In strict propriety of speech melody may perhaps be the preferable term; but the use of "harmony" and "harmonious," in the sense in which I have employed those words, is sanctioned by the practice of our best writers. Lord Kames, I believe, was the first person, who marked a distinction between melody and harmony, as applicable to the rhythm of verse; and I must own, that his authority has with me no great weight. I should not however have added this note, had I not conceived, that the term "harmony" presents to the mind the idea of "just proportion of sounds," from the lowest—to the highest, from the most soft—to the most strong; that "*melody*," on the contrary, seems to imply

said from a perfect knowledge of the author's particular opinion. Those mellifluous modulations of sound, which our late poets have introduced upon every occasion, he thought destructive of all spirit,—wearisome,—and disgusting. Systematically avoiding this error, he might in his own practice incline to the opposite extreme. In some of his earlier compositions he imitated, and with success, the numbers of Pope: but his mature judgment adopted that still more diversified, perhaps irregular rhythm, which distinguishes many of the pieces in these volumes. Milton and Dryden were his most esteemed models of composition: but Milton and Dryden are not now in fashion. And Pope himself, though he is allowed to “excel in the variety of his melody,” yet has not escaped censure for “capital defects” in several of his verses, which the fastidious delicacy of a late

the “concord of *sweet sounds*” only; and that therefore the general use of the latter word, since the time of Lord Kames, may have contributed, like many of his critical remarks, to render English versification more and more monotonous.

critic * has pronounced to be "harsh and unpleasant." If, therefore, my friend is condemned on that account, he suffers in common with our most eminent poets. Whether Mr. Bishop thought his practice justified by their authority, or whether he had formed his own plan of versification, it is certain that the licences which he has taken, were almost always the result of design, not the effect of negligence. In several of his corrected copies, the last alterations occasion the very irregularities in question: and when some of his poems were published without his concurrence in the periodical works of the day, the printers, by the help of apostrophe, elision, and even the substitution of one word for another, generally contriving to reduce the lines to the usual number of feet or syllables, he would say, that they had spoiled them. Indeed it is certainly an erroneous supposition that our heroic verse (and the remark is equally applicable to all English metre) is limited to any fixed number of syllables, or confined to any certain ar-

* Lord Kames.

rangement of quantities : admitting different kinds of feet, it varies from ten to thirteen, sometimes even fourteen, syllables : and this diversity is so far from offending, that it always relieves, and often delights, the ear. In general the vowels omitted in *writing* verse, are given with great propriety in the *speaking*. No reader of the least taste ever drops the letter struck out by an elision, nor does even the apostrophe constantly remove a syllable from the pronunciation. Surely the real numbers of any verse, are those which meet the ear in recitation, not those presented to the eye upon paper.

The farther investigation of this subject is however unnecessary : it is sufficient for my purpose that Mr. Bishop's practice is not unprecedented ; and that our most esteemed poets will be found frequently to have taken those licences which are condemned in him,—to have “ employed trisyllables and quadrisyllables *,”

* When Dryden speaks of modern metre as constituted of dissyllables, he means *feet* of two syllables ;—when Lord Kames mentions dissyllables as peculiarly adapted to the composition

—to have used words “too long for their places, and which will not bear shortening,”—and to have “dropped a syllable,” or rather, to have added one or more, which the reader *cannot drop*, but must of necessity pronounce. This variety in movement sometimes improves even the harmony, no less than the expression: and if not, what is gained in force is more than a compensation for what may be lost in melody. The just union of these two requisites certainly constitutes the perfection of verse. The doubt then, which may yet occur, is, how far Mr. Bishop’s poetical works possess *both* these qualities? Feeble lines are rarely to be found in them; strength, therefore, they do possess in a great degree; and of harmony they have as much, perhaps, as may be consistent with the sportive turn of the author’s thoughts, and the nature of the subjects which he has chosen.

of English verse, he means *words* of two syllables;—a material difference; which I do not recollect to have ever seen noticed by any of our critical writers.

“The softly sweet-flowing Lydian measure” would ill suit *his* compositions, which abound in sudden bursts of wit, are intended to *exhilarate*—not to “lull and soothe—the mind,” and consequently seem to require numbers varying and lively—rather than smooth and harmonious.

The result of my own careful observation of my friend’s versification is, that it is peculiarly adapted to the sprightliness of his ideas; and being never languid nor monotonous, generally satisfies at once both the ear and the understanding. If the reader will take the trouble to substitute, not in one line only, but in different instances, words of fewer syllables, and a more regular measure, in the place of those employed by Mr. Bishop, and observe the consequent diminution in effect; or if, after having perused any production of our modern melodious versifiers, he will turn to one of the following pages, and consult his own feelings,—he will then perhaps be the better able to appreciate justly the excellence of a modulation, diversified, forcible, and aptly expressive; which often

seems almost inseparably united with the sentiment which it was designed to convey.

But however this question respecting the author's rhythm may be determined, (and it is for the *public* to decide!) I am persuaded that as long as playfulness of fancy, and archness of wit,—displayed in a constant succession of original and vigorous conceptions,—and heightened by the beauties of a diction chaste and compressed, elegant and energetic,—shall interest men's feelings, or command their admiration, so long shall Mr. Bishop's poems maintain a respectable station among those works which do honor to the English language.

T. C.

O D E S.

VOL. I.

B



ODE I.
ON THE KING'S MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

I.

SOFT rose the gales, ordain'd to bear
To ALBION's coast the chosen Fair,
Her Monarch's future Bride;
When, lo! the Nymph, that loves to dwell
Deep in the pearl-enamell'd cell,
Where ALBIS' waters glide,
High o'er the wave appear'd, and strung
Her coral lyre, and thus she sung:—

II.

- “ Go, share the glory of a Throne,
“ Where Virtues, worthy of thine own,
“ Congenial lustre shed :
“ Go, share the transports of a breast,
“ Whose cares shall give the Nations rest,
“ And raise th’ afflicted head :
“ Shall burst th’ encroaching tyrant’s chain,
“ And bid Ambition rage in vain.

III.

- “ Obedient to the lot assign’d,
“ Thy country gives thee to mankind,
“ And turns her raptur’d eye
“ (Prophetic of thy future claim)
“ To every dearer, nobler name,
“ To every stronger tie,—
“ When grateful Nations shall contend
“ To hail thee, Mother, Queen, and Friend.

IV.

- “ Just to a Patriot’s generous cares,
“ Indulgent to a Kingdom’s prayers,
“ Heaven’s happiest influence shone ;
“ Each glory Victory’s wreath bestows,
“ Each radiance that from Virtue flows,
“ At once adorn’d the Throne :
“ The Brave, the Good, the Just, approv’d,
“ And Freedom prais’d,—because she lov’d.

V.

- “ Thou, when domestic scenes of joy
“ His dearer, tenderer cares employ,
“ Shalt seize the favouring hour :
“ Thoughts, which thy softness will suggest,
“ Shall charm at once, and raise his breast,
“ And Love give Virtue power :
“ Some added Wreath his brow shall bind ;
“ Some added Good enrich mankind.

VI.

- “ Then shall he blefs thy kind concern,
“ Gladly to Love and Thee return,
“ And own his toils repaid ;
“ Shall own that Heaven for him prepar’d
“ The nobleft toils, the beft reward ;
“ And trace from Thee convey’d,
“ To every age, on BRITAIN’S Throne,
“ Defert and Glory,—like his own.”

O D E IL
TO THE QUEEN ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN 1764.

I.

FROM all the blifs a Queen can feel,
When a whole grateful Nation pays
(Ardent in duty, bold in zeal)
The annual tribute of it's praise,

II.

The Royal Dame a moment stole,—
Laid down the wreaths her people wrought,
And, wrapt in sweet fufpence of foul,
Indulged a Mother's tenderest thought.

III.

Where, sooth'd by Slumber's lenient hand,
Two Boys, her infant offspring lay,
Intent she took her silent stand ;
And gave each rising passion way.

IV.

By turns Complacence smooth'd her brow,
And Care all-anxious flush'd her cheek ;
Now glow'd Remembrance,—Fondness now
Inspir'd what utterance could not speak.

V.

Oft Fancy—prompted by concern,
To urge an half-form'd tear began ;
And Hope, that made her bosom burn,
Finish'd the pearl, and down it ran.

VI.

While thus she stood, and look'd, and lov'd,
And fonder still, and happier grew,
(For every look her love improv'd,
And love still sweeten'd every view,)

VII.

Unseen the Cherubs hover'd near,
Whom Fate to guard her sons ordain'd ;
They mark'd each joy she felt, each tear,
And thus alternate speech maintain'd :

VIII.

" See" (said the Heav'n-born Form, whose care
BRITANNIA's elder hope employ'd)
" What thoughts the Parent's bosom share,
" While Majesty is unenjoy'd.

IX.

- “ Yet know, O Queen ! ’tis but begun
“ The strong sensation thou must prove ;
“ Each year, that waits its course to run,
“ Will bring new ecstasy of love.

X.

- “ How will the soul, that scarce sustains
“ Ev’n now the dear employ to trace
“ Features, where silent beauty reigns,
“ Mere infant innocence and grace !

XI.

- “ How will it throb, beneath th’ excess,
“ The pangs, the agony of bliss,
“ When from those lips soft sounds shall press
“ To greet another day like this !

XII.

- " How will the blood, thro' every vein
 " Run thrilling to the Mother's heart ;
 " When she shall see her Boy maintain,
 " In the Boy's sport, the Prince's part !

XIII.

- " How will her bosom pant, to read
 " In every part some likeness caught ;
 " Some semblance of his Father's deed,
 " Some copy of his Mother's thought !

XIV.

- " What will she say, when Reason's voice
 " Calls the young powers of action forth,
 " Prompts him to choose, —and founds his choice
 " On plans of dignity and worth !

XV.

- “ How will she dread each vice she sees,
“ Each gay temptation Courts display,
“ The charms of pleasure, grandeur, ease,
“ The snares that glitter to betray !

XVI.

- “ What bliss will intercept her fear,
“ Whene’er she sees her Hero rise,
“ Tender to act, yet still severe
“ To scorn, what virtue should despise !

XVIII.

- “ What genial warmth will raise her mind,
“ When any purpose seems to say,
“ He knows what service to mankind
“ The Great must owe, the Good must pay !

XVIII.

- " When Echo dwells upon his name,
" And gives it to the nations round,
" How will her heart enjoy th' acclaim,
" And beat and spring to every sound !"

XIX.

- So said th' angelic Spirit ; and ceas'd :—
And thus his Fellow-guardian cry'd :
" By all these joys, and all increas'd,
" The Mother's fondness must be try'd.

XX.

- " While forward, thro' each coming year,
" Maternal care her eyes shall cast,
" My younger Boy, that slumbers near,
" Will give her back again the past :

XXI.

- “ Will show her every charm renew’d,
“ Each native charm his Brother bore ;
“ Or with peculiar pow’rs endu’d,
“ Awake a joy unfelt before :—

XXII.

- “ That while the hopes her First-born gave
“ Are crown’d by every future deed ;
“ Her equal love may see as brave,
“ As dear a progeny succeed.”

XXIII.

- Scarce had he spoke, when shouts and song
Claim’d in the Queen her BRITAIN’s part ;
She heard—and tow’rd th’ applauding throng
Turn’d all the fullness of her heart.

ODE III.
ON ELOQUENCE.

I. 1.

Auspicious influence marks th' important hour,
When conscious sympathy owns th' august controul,
Which, strong to triumph in Persuasion's power,
Alarms, arrests, impels, commands the soul.
Accordant Passions recognise it's sway;
Convinced, applaud it; or subdued, obey;
The vocal Magic quells them, as they rise;
It calls, and Reason hears; it blames, and Folly dies.

I. 2.

'Twas thus of old the MAN OF ATHENS spoke,
When valour languish'd at the crush it fear'd ;
While PHILIP form'd for GREECE th' opprobrious yoke;
Now lull'd, now brav'd, the Spirit once rever'd :
“ Awake,” he cry'd, “ repel the Intruder's blow !
“ Distrust the subtle, meet the daring Foe !
“ 'Tis sloth, not PHILIP, that disarms your rage ;—
“ Success will crown the war, which Honour's cham-
“ pions wage.”

I. 3.

Silent, awhile, the crowd attend,
Thro' gradual energies ascend,
From Shame to Hope, Revenge, Disdain :
They blush, reflect, resolve, unite ;
Defy the attack ; demand the fight ;
And spurn th' insulting Traitor's chain :
Their throbbing breasts exalted impulse show ;
And all their Sires in all their bosoms glow !

II. 1.

Yet not to rouse alone th' emasculate mind,
 Or nerve the warrior's arm, does Speech display
 Refractory rule :—all-various, unconfin'd,
 It brings the soft sensations into day ;
 It gives the meliorated heart to feel
 New joy from pity, and from joy new zeal ;
 Smooths the stern Front, which hard Resentments strain,
 And bends tumultuous Will to Candour's mild domain.

II. 2.

Such was the bland effect, when CÆSAR'S ear
 To TULLY'S plea devout attention gave ;
 And check'd, in Indignation's mid career,
 The World's Proprietor stood th' Orator's slave :
 " I show thee, Cæsar," said the Sage, " I show
 " A Prize, no Conquest ever could bestow :
 " Thyself must give it to thyself alone,—
 " 'Tis Mercy's hallow'd Palm !—O make it all thine
 " own !"

II. 3.

The mighty Master of mankind,
Lur'd by the potent spell, resign'd
Each purpose of feverer thought ;
Forgot the wrongs, the toils he bore ;
Indulged vindictive Wrath, no more ;
And was, whatever TULLY taught :
When TULLY urg'd the convict Suppliant's praye
'Twas Pride to assent ; 'twas Luxury to spare !

III. 1.

BRITAIN ! for thee, each emulous Muse has wrou,
Some votive Wreath, some Trophy of Renown
Some Meed of Excellence, Sons of thine have caug
Where'er Exertion strove for Merit's Crown :
Where then more aptly can the Power divine
Of Classic Speech with genuine vigour shine,
Than where the Virtues live, whose genial fire
Could Rights like thine assert, and Laws like thi
inspire ?

III. 2.

Methinks I see a land of Patriots rise
Sublime in native Eloquence ! around
Th' astonish'd Nations fix their eager eyes ;
And wonder, while they tremble at the sound.
They learn what labours fill the Hero's life,
What stedfast dignity, what generous strife !
What efforts best adorn him, and improve,
Justice, and bold Emprize, Benignity, and Love !

III. 3.

Rival of Deeds in annals old,
By GREEK and ROMAN Genius told,
O justify another claim !
With all their splendid Praise in view,
Preserve their manly Eloquence too,
To grace thy more illustrious Name !
The long records of BRITISH Glory swell
With Worth, which only BRITISH Tongues can tell !

O D E IV.

ON DAY.

I.

THROWN'D in Empyrean Glory's blaze,
Th' Omnipotent call'd forth a living Ray :
" Go speed," he said, " thy flight benign !
" And where I draw Creation's line,
" Be thou the Torch of Day !"

II.

Proud of so high behest
Thro' God's august abode,
The obedient Beam a Sun confest,
In Orbed Splendor rode.

Upward her eye impregnate Nature cast,
And hail'd the warm Effulgence as it past :
Life glow'd more vigorous, Beauty shone more gay :
The Power, whose blest decree
Bade Life and Beauty be,
To crown all Life and Beauty gave the Day.

III.

Across the wilds, amidst the groves,
Mark where the feather'd Nation roves !
While eager Vision scarce pursues
Th' eternal change of glittering hues !
Yet vain those glittering hues, and vain
Must that eternal change remain,
Till Day, profuse of Light, illumine
Each shadowy tint, and flash on every plume.

IV.

Lo where the Eagle cuts his way,
Towering athwart th' immense of sky !
No bounds his daring pinion stay ;
No radiance dims his ardent eye.
Him heavenly Wisdom form'd of old,
Excess of spirit to disclose ;
And taught his steadfast course to hold,
Where Day's concentrate Lustre rose.

V.

Thus he through trackless heights unwearied soars.
Glad Day meanwhile salutes the flowery train,
Where sweets exhale from thousand, thousand pores
And lavish Vegetation clothes the plain.
Nor scorn his chearing fervors to expand
The faithful marigold's recovering bloom ;
Whose closing buds a mournful progeny stand,
While eve's chill shades their sullen reign assume.

VI.

Busy din affairs mine ears !
Hurried echoes round me play !
'Tis War's rude voice ! her banner'd Pomp she rears,
Infolent to flaunt it in the face of Day !
Commerce ! rear thy banners too !
Raise thy shout of Civic Glee !
Day will rejoice thy trophied March to view,
That blazons Patriot Reign and peaceful Polity.

VII.

Health, O Day ! exults to greet thee !
Lusty Strength springs forth to meet thee !
Enterprize is fond to use thee !
Hope, midst gathering gloom, renews thee !
Science ! Genius ! love to race thee,
Grac'd by thee ! and skill'd to grace thee !

VIII.

At heedless ease in thy prolific Heat,

The tawny native of more Torrid Lands

Basks him luxurious :—while beneath his feet

His rampant crop, an unsought harvest stands.

To Temperate Climes vicissitude like thine

Alternate profit and delight supplies !

Care rests from toil, secure, at thy decline :

Rest plans new toils, secure to see thee rise !

Ev'n on his rock of everlasting Frost

The hard inhabitant of Greenland's shore

Buys thy brief stay, at twofold winter's cost,

And but resigns thee, to enjoy thee more !

ODE V.
ON INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

I.

WHERE health and high spirits awaken the morn,
And dash thro' the dews, that impearl the rough thorn,
To shouts and to cries
Shrill Echo replies ;
While the Horn prompts the shout, and the shout
greet's the Horn.

II.

Loud across the upland ground,
Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
The changeful BELLS ring jocund round,
Where Joy bestrides the gale ;

Herald eager to proclaim
The Lover's bliss, or Hero's fame.

III.

Shall the FIDDLE's sprightly strain,
In Pleasure's realms our feet detain,
Where Youth and Beauty in the dance
Borrow new charms from Elegance?

IV.

Or shall we stray,
Where stately thro' the public way,
Amidst the TRUMPET's clangors and th' acclaim
Of civic zeal, in long procession move
Nobles and Chiefs of venerable fame;
Or haply Sovereign Majesty displays
To public view the lustre of its rays,
And proves at once, and wins, a Nation's love.

V.

Hark ! how the solemn ORG~~AN~~ calls
Attention's ~~sober~~ ears to hallow'd walls ;
Where meek, yet warm, beneath the 'Temple's shade
Devotion seeks with stedfast eyes
The God, whose Glories every gloom pervade,
To whom for ever prayer is made,
And daily praises rise !

VI.

What notes in swiftest cadence running,
Thro' many a maze of varied measure,
Mingled by the master's cunning,
Give th' alarm to festive pleasure ?
Cambria ! 'twas thus thy HARPS of old,
Each gallant heart's recess explor'd ;
Announcing Feats of Chieftains bold,
To grace the hospitable board.

VII.

Mark ~~how~~ the Soldier's eye
 Looks proud defiance ! How his heart beats high
 With glorious expectation ! What inspires—
 What ~~sets~~ his martial fires ?
 What but the power of Sound ?
 'The clamorous ~~Drums~~ his anxious ardour raise,
 His blood flows quicker round ;
 At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

VIII.

Where gath'ring storms incessant lower,
 And niggard Nature chills th' abortive grain ;
 From her bleak heights see SCOTLAND pour
 Blithe Lads and Lasses trim ; an hardy train,
 Down the crag, and o'er the lea,
 Following still with hearty glee
 The BAGPIPES mellow minstrelfy.

IX.

Where cloudless suns with glowing dyes
Tinge ITALY's serenest skies,
Soft, the winding lawns along,
The Lover's LUTE complains ;
While ling'ring Echo learns the song,
Gives it the woods, and loth to lose
One accent of th' impassion'd Muse,
Bids woods return it to the plains.

X.

Time was when, stretch'd beneath the beechen shade,
The simple Shepherd warbled his sweet lay ;
Lur'd to his rustic REED the gentle maid,
Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the day.
Why do our Swains depart from ancient lore ?
Why sounds no Past'ral Reed on Britain's shore ?
—The Innocence, which tuned it, is no more !

H Y M N.
ON THE SPRING.

WHILE Nature, full of milder grace,
Expects the glad return of Spring ;
Already see the feather'd race
Chaunt jocund on exulting wing !

The rising flowers, the budding trees,
Each airy songster's notes inspire,
Nor shall my Muse forget with these
To join the universal Choir.

Hail ! Parent ! God ! Creator ! hail !
Rich fount of life, of sense, of joy !
Thy praise, 'till this weak tongue shall fail,
For ever shall this tongue employ.

When morn dispels the shades of night,
I trace thee thro' the livelong day ;
When eve succeeds retiring light,
Thy Name still animates my lay.

While taught by thy unerring skill,
Successive seasons intervene,
Earth all-obedient hears thy will,
And spreads the vegetable scene.

Thy sun, the herald of thy praise,
Fills with new life the pregnant plains,
Pours on each spot the vital rays ;
Bids each be born ; and born, sustains.

The brood, that crowds the wat'ry space,
The rapid streams, and trickling rills,
The insect troops, the reptile race,
The cattle on a thousand hills,

All, all ~~confess~~ thy tender care,
And ~~the~~ ^{thy} Almighty Power proclaim;
Thro' earth and sea, and trackless air,
The voice of Nature is the ~~same~~.

The bright assembled worlds on high,
Roll constant thro' the liquid space,
With sparkling glories ~~fill~~ the sky,
Where thy great hand describes their race.

The dew-bent clouds, for Thee, ~~their~~ Lord,
Distill the gentle kindly show'r;
Or, ready to fulfil thy word,
The fierce impetuous torrent pour.

Restrain'd by thee, the fanning gales
The thick wood's waving surface sweep,
Or, loos'd, rush head-long thro' the vales,
And plow the hoarse-resounding deep.

At thy command, in silent flakes
Congeal'd descends the fleecy snow ;
Vast ice incrusts the stagnate lakes ;
And streams arrested, cease to flow.

By thy Almighty Nod enlarg'd,
The awful thunder shakes the skies ;
And thro' the cleft expanse discharg'd,
Sudden the forked lightning flies.

“ See this, thou madly stubborn mind,
“ Whom wilful error leads astray ;
“ Whose eye to fair experience blind,
“ Amidst the circling blaze of day,

“ Can see no Providence Divine,
“ The wise, the wond'rous plan advance ;
“ No Pow'r supreme thro' Nature shine ;
“ No world but this ; no God but chance.

“ Put off the mean, the fatal pride,
“ Which turns thy foot from truth’s plain road,
“ And own a God alone supplied
“ The very pow’r to doubt a God.

“ From Him, th’ exhaustless source of good,
“ Thy parts, thine active spirits flow ;
“ Thro’ His kind aid is understood
“ All art can teach, all man can know.

“ And art thou still perversely wrong ?
“ Thy rash resolves can nothing move ?
“ Not all th’ amazing proofs that throng,
“ Within, around thee, and above !

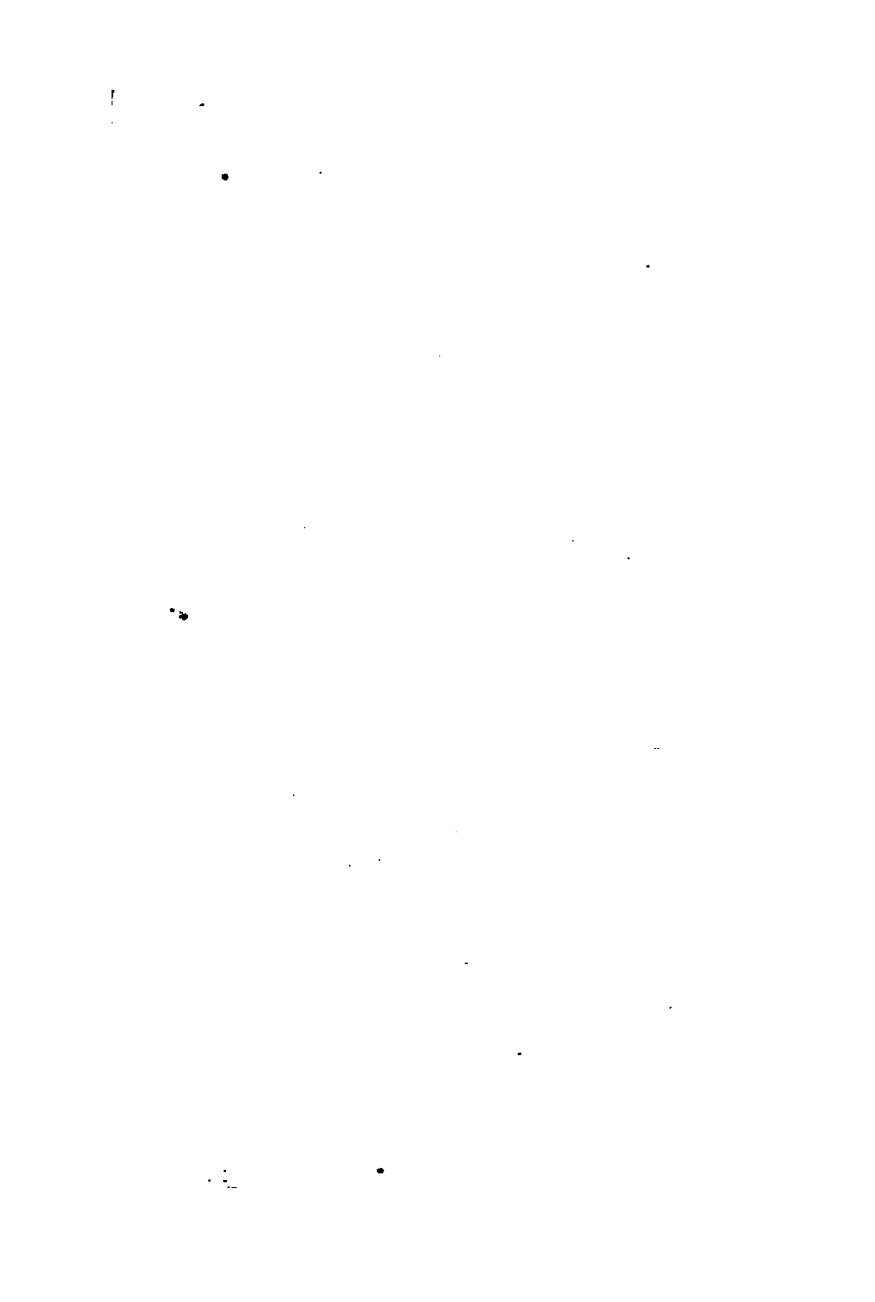
“ Persist ! but know the day will come,
“ (Be sure ’twill come ;—perhaps ’tis near !)
“ When thou, beneath conviction dumb,
“ Confus’d and conscious shalt appear ;—

“ When thou with shame, remorse, and tears,
“ Shalt open thine unwilling eyes ;
“ Shalt feel the truth thy folly sneers ;
“ Shalt try the Pow’r, thy pride denies !”

Exalted then to perfect bliss,
O’er worlds of joy the good shall rove ;
Who fought those happier worlds in this,
Thro’ faith, integrity, and love.

Transporting thought !—“ O God ! thy grace,
“ As onward dazzled reason goes,
“ Bright and more bright it’s beam displays ;
“ More glorious scenes of wonder shows !”

In vain, my Muse, thy hand essays
To tune the faintly-sounding shell ;
Leave to Eternity the praise,
Which scarce Eternity can tell.



THE
MAN OF TASTE:

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

1

THE
MAN OF TASTE.

HENCE ! Phantom ! weak, and vain,
FASHION ! of Indolence and Folly born !
Nurs'd by Conceit and Scorn !
And cradled in the wild, distemper'd brain !
Go ! Hoyden, as thou art,
A full-grown Baby ! skittish ! prone to range !
Chang'd, evermore to change !
Find out some high tower's pinnacle ! and watch
The shifting vane to catch,
That veers with every blast, to every part !

But come ! thou sober Influence,
Whom GENIUS bore of old to SENSE !

TASTE, thy Name ! — Beneath a shade,
By arched oaks embowering, made,
SENSE his stand, deep-musing, took ;
With fixed foot, and stedfast look,
Nature's handy-work surveying ;—
Where fruit and flower the meads arraying,
Lavish of hues, that might outvie
The many-tinged rainbow's die,
Show'd heavenly pencilling !—What time
GENIUS, the Wood-nymph, in her prime
Of bloom and spirit, past along ;
Light of heart ; and frank of song ;
Vagrant, on a fleet Zephyr's wing,
Plund'ring the magazines of Spring ;
Vermil tints, and perfum'd air,
Gathering here ; and scattering there !

HER the thought-wrapt Being espied
Glancing comely by his side ;
And, with sudden passion fir'd,
Follow'd still, as She retir'd :

Soon won, with ardent vows, her mind,
And in meet Espousal join'd,
In happiest hour the Bride embrac'd !
—Hence th' auspicious Birth of TASTE !

Come ! decent Nymph ! in ample vest ;
Of seemly-fuited colours drest !—
Come thou, TASTE ! and bring with thee,
The Maiden, meek Simplicity !—
Come ! and give mine eye to stray,
Where thou deignest to display
Thy dædal pow'r, such grace to teach,
As Nature loves, but cannot reach !

Let us oft our visit pay,
(In the pure matin prime of day,
E'er the high sun hath drank the dews,)
To where the Poet courts the Muse !
Him, I mean, who bows the knee,
In homage still submits to Thee !
Whom thy steady rule hath taught
To form the Plan, and point the Thought ;

To Passion all it's voice to give ;
And bid the warm Description live !
Him, who ne'er in evil hour,
Mistaking strong desire for pow'r,
Couples ideas vague and rude,
Match'd, without similitude !
Where, wedg'd in heterogeneous rank,
Tall Metaphors each other flank ;
And seem in such confusion set,
As if they wonder'd how they met :
Or under an huge pile of Phrase,
Which idly-grouped Figures raise
With blank and alien Epithets,
The dull drudge Affectation sweats !
Nor let my foot the spot forbear,
Where Judgment takes the critic chair ;
Commanding at her side to stand,
Candor, and Spirit, hand in hand ;
Bidding mine eye some canvas trace,
Where the bold Outline's soft'ned grace,

Expreſſion rich, and chaſte Deſign,
With delicate Neglect combine ;
Till rapt attention, fairly caught,
Fill me with all the Painter's thought !

Haply, ſome riſing Dome ſhall claim
My glad obſervance ; where the Dame
Propriety, throughout preſiding,
Plan, Meaſure, Execution, guiding,
Blends neat Convenience with Expence,
Proportion with Magnificence :
While Attic Elegance and Eaſe
Help Roman Grandeur more to pleaſe ;
And Roman Grandeur doth advance
The Attic Eaſe and Elegance !
My ſoul, meanwhile, with rapture ranging
O'er parts in apteſt order changing,
Sees every Art of every Coaſt
Become my Country's gradual boaſt.

Or if domeſtic objects wake
Mine inclination ; let me take

Befide the Family Hearth, my stand,
Where, Good-nature, blithe and bland,
Calls, with more than magic force,
Every Grace and Joy of courfe ;
Speeding the buxom hours along,
With converse sweet, free jest, prompt fong ;
Teaching each excellence to find
The inmost bosom, where inshrin'd
Sits chaste Decorum ; holding still
In bands of filk the truant Will ;
While Mirth and Virtue walk at ease ;
Prone to be pleas'd ; and glad to please.

Sometime wand'ring, let me meet,
Seldom found, the blissful Seat,
Where Discretion, mildly sage,
Watches o'er the rising age ;
Warning still the parent's care
To snatch from Folly's gripe, his heir ;
Lessoning the virgin ears of youth
In that most glorious science—Truth—

Truth of Thought,—due praise to give !
Truth of Heart,—to act and live !
Or training for the public scene,
The social consciousness serene ;
Which founds (un-dup'd by popular names)
On general duties, private claims ;
And general claims, where'er they rise,
By private duty's standard tries :
Convinc'd that, in dominion's scale
Whatever civil plans prevail,
The Almighty word, which form'd this ball,
Made Man for Man ; and ALL for ALL.

TASTE !—if with me thou deign to dwell,
Let signs like these, thy influence tell ;
Mode, Whim, Expence, and awkward Pain,
Usurp thy semblance, all in vain ;
Invention, with Proportion join'd,
Ardor corrected, Strength refin'd,
Announce (in spite of crude pretence)
The Child of GENIUS and of SENSE !



THE
P R E A C H E R :

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

1. The first is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

2. The second is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

3. The third is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

4. The fourth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

5. The fifth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

6. The sixth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

7. The seventh is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

8. The eighth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

9. The ninth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

10. The tenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

11. The eleventh is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

12. The twelfth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

13. The thirteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

14. The fourteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

15. The fifteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

16. The sixteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

17. The seventeenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

18. The eighteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

19. The nineteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

20. The twentieth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

21. The twenty-first is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

22. The twenty-second is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

23. The twenty-third is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

24. The twenty-fourth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

25. The twenty-fifth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

26. The twenty-sixth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

27. The twenty-seventh is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

28. The twenty-eighth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

29. The twenty-ninth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

30. The thirtieth is the fact that the system is not a simple one.

THE
P R E A C H E R.

SERAPH of Truth ! {Thou who to IMLAH's son,
 MICAH, Seer of the Most High, didst shew
 The lying spirit, from the Throne of God
 Sent forth, to lure with language of fair hope
 AHAB, death-doom'd, to RAMOTH,} Oh ! vouchsafe
 A moment of thy lustre to mine eye,
 Else dark ; and guide me, inexperienced and weak,
 Thro' argument, to mortal phantasia
 Inscrutable, save with Cœlestial Aid.

Arduous the task to fix the wilful mind
 Of heedless Man ! and lead intelligence

To it's prime source, the One Great Infinite,
The First, Supreme, Essential Excellence,
Glory of Glories! Majesty of Might!—
—Blest Contemplation! could the Preacher dwell
For ever on that theme!—But ah! too soon
Justice amidst th' eternal attributes
Lifts her stern front; and to reflection's glance
Unfolds a crimson Register: the Heart
Conscious recoils; and owns the dreadful record
A transcript of itself.—Where now, vile Man!
Where, Sinner! where, Pollution! is thy refuge?
The Power, the Wisdom,—and whate'er thou saw'st
In Him, the Almighty—saw'st rejoicing—now
But serves to arm with tenfold energy
Affronted Vengeance!—And th' Empyrean Brightness
(Brightness to pure Angelic Spirits,) to Thee
Gleams kindling Terrors of Omnipotence,
And flaming shafts of Wrath inevitable.

Yet e'er thou sink beneath th' incumbent weight
Of Guilt, and of Dismay, attend once more

'The Preacher's call—Raise, thou appall'd, thy face
Again tow'rd Heaven's high Throne; look up; and see
Incarnate Deity, the Word, the Life,
The Word of Life, the Life of Righteousness,
The very consubstantial Son of God,
Become thy Advocate, thy Expiation,
Thy Health, thy Stay, thy Heritage for ever!
Oh! glorious Tidings! Oh supreme delight
To give these tidings to Mankind!
To point Redemption out! to pour the balm
Of Peace and Comfort on Despair! to lead
Repentant sense to Faith; and Faith to Purity,
And Purity to Zeal, and Zeal to Virtue,
And Virtue to the Christian's high pre-eminence,
His essence, his perfection—Charity!

Such purpose, so important, dignifies
The Preacher's occupation:—ill discharg'd
When Pride assumes the veil of Sanctity,
Administ'ring thro' spiritual dominion
To lordly empire o'er the lives of men;

Such as in ROME, or farthest PARAGUAY,
Pontiff or Jesuit, by threats or wiles,
Bull, Relique, Legend, Sophism, Sword, or Fire,
Establish'd.—Nor doth he dishonour less
His hallow'd Calling, who for Doctrines gives
Interpretation, private, personal,
Fantastic, or unfruitful; changing thus
The Image of the Sole Immutable,
To likeness of mere Man.—Nor he, who, fir'd
By worldly objects, lucre, or th' acclaim
Of shallow multitudes, makes holy Truth
; Delusion's instrument.—Nor he, who pines
Envious of excellence, and low'rs gaunt scorn,
If chance a brother's merit rise to view.

Far other signs, far other principles
Mark the true Preacher; mark his life, his judgment,
His eloquence, his converse, his affections.
Meekness, Complacence, gentle Sympathy,
Cheerful Concession, manly Perseverance,
The Dignity of Truth, the Condescension

Of ever-during Patience and sweet Candour,
The Wish, the warm Solicitude to spread
Good-will, improvement, amity, joy, confidence,
Salvation,—these inspire him—these exalt
His thought, act, speech.—Thou also, Virgin-born,
Saviour of Men ! Thou also giv'st thy Spirit
To him, whom thou approvest,—Him, whose zeal
Describes Thee, as Thou art ; Author and Finisher
Of Faith, Obedience, peaceful Modesty,
And Love uncircumscribed ;—who, most resembling,
But teaches mortals to resemble thee
By Holiness on earth ;—that, made hereafter
Immortal like thyself, they may partake
Thy purchas'd Kingdom,—purchas'd by the pains
Of suffering Godhead ; and around thy seat
Clad with ethereal Radiance, resound
Thy triumphs—Sin abolish'd, Death destroy'd,
The Just made perfect, and thy Faithful-ones
Thron'd in Beatitude for Evermore !



THE
FAIRY BENISON;
AN INTERLUDE:
IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

[Designed to have been performed at the Theatre
Royal in Covent Garden, on the first night when
the PRINCE OF WALES should be present.]

WRITTEN IN 1766.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBERON.

PUCK.

TITANIA.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

THE
FAIRY BENISON;
AN INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

Enter PUCK.

THOROUGH blast, and thorough dew,
Over field and over town,
Along yon Crescent's glimpe I flew,
And here the Moon-beam sets me down.
By great TITANIA's strict command
I stole from out the Fairy-land ;
" Go, PUCK," she cry'd, " Go ; fly ; pervade
" Cloud-curtained eve's unfolding shade,
" And wherefoe'er thou shalt espy
" The Flower of earthly Royalty,

“ A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between
“ A Briton King, and German Queen,
“ Say, I, TITANIA, bade thee there
“ My warmest gratulations bear :
“ Then with a thought return again,
“ Ere OBERON miss thee from his train.”

A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between
A Briton King, and German Queen,
These must I seek ; till these I find,
Fleet on swift wings, and leave the breeze behind.

[Going off, he sees the King, Queen, Prince, &c.
and after a pause proceeds.]

Mists ! that mortal eye-balls dim ;
Forms ! in fluid air that swim ;
Vanish from before my view !
— Ha ! the glorious Vision's true !
They are the Father ! Mother ! Son !
— Now my part will soon be done.

[Flourish of Trumpets.]

O spight ! these sounds our King's approach proclaim
If PUCK is caught, TITANIA bears the blame.

SCENE II.

*Flat opens, and discovers OBERON and TITANIA descending
from Fairy Land.*

OBERON.

See, there, my Love, the young and princely Bud,
Whose blossoming fair Freedom doats upon !

[Sees PUCK.]

Hah PUCK ! what makes he here ?—TITANIA,
I fear me much, thy too officious haste
Hath play'd me false : Thou didst not send that Sprite

TITANIA.

In sooth, my Lord, I did.

OBERON.

It was a deed,
That shames the doer.—What ?—Our several laws

Ev'n like our private and connubial loves,
Made for this Prince, but one incorporate fondness;
Our present speeding held one common scope,
To greet him with our earliest. Knowing this,
Why hath TITANIA from her OBERON
Pilfer'd the vantage of a little hour,
So beggaring our joint purpose?—Was this well?
Indeed it was not well.

TITANIA.

Why! Wherein ill, my Lord?
True, I did share your counsels; did approve
Your coming; and with gust as high as yours,
Dwell on yon splendid scene, that to mine eyes
Presents the royal Youth, and throned Pair,
Whose fortunes and whose honors hold my love
In equal poize with yours:—Yet, OBERON,
Whene'er you urg'd me to this welcome journey,
Your talk ne'er promis'd other Benison,
Save what comports with manhood—Conscious Dig-
nity

Of Soul ; and Glory, that laborious Virtue
Must win by sufferance, and preserve by toils,
Severe as those which earn'd it : these you call'd
Imperial Distinctions : these, you said,
Must give the Son a semblance of his Father :
These dictatèd your destin'd gratulation.

OBERON.

So Kings should wish for those who shall be Kings.

TITANIA.

So Kings should wish !—And therein OBERON
Doth wish as should a King.—But why must OBERON
Square to his single and particular thought
The sum and standard of all princely blessedness ?
—So Kings should wish ! Have Queens no wishes then ?
Aye—but great OBERON saith, our several cares
For this same Prince, like our connubial loves,
Made one incorporate fondness.—Be it so—
Then should our cares be voiced severally,

Like our own loves, united, but distinct.
So grow their loves, whose Son hath brought us hither.
I grant he is a boy, a manly one :
I grant he hath a Father, whom to imitate
Will ask a strain of Spirit and Benevolence,
Expectance ne'er could warrant, till the fact
Pronounc'd it possible.—What then ?—Doth that
Annul my claim and proper privilege ?
Hath not the boy a Mother ? Yes.—And I,
A female as I am, have fram'd a wish,
May lure a mother's ear, as soon, perhaps,
As aught that scornful OBERON hath prepar'd,
Elbowing all humbler emulation.
To bear that wish I sent the very Sprite,
Whose presence moves thee so.

OBERON.

Alas ! thou rash one !
Thine ill-advised cunning, like a shaft
Drawn by an eager and unpraetis'd hand,

Hath over-past its aim.—Now hear me, Lady.
Thou dost remember, when, upon a time,
We read together in the fairy court
The sacred book of mortal destiny.
There did I find th' eternal mandate written,
Which said a German fair, this very Queen,
A virgin princess then, should share and grace
The bed and sceptre of a British King,
Just new to manhood, tho' right well advanc'd
In kingly properties.—Thou dost not heed me !

TITANIA.

Most faithfully, my Lord.

OBERON.

Observing this
(For that thou knowest what part in our regard
Doth BRITAIN'S Court possess) I sped me straight
(Fraught with such fairy gifts, as best might fit
A damsel of her state, odours and charms,

That our still vagrant Elves in earth or air,
From flowers and dews extract) ev'n to the court
Where dwelt this chosen dame, and future Queen.
There, when I came, expecting to have found
A Lady busied in such tricks of fancy,
As young and blithesome beauties do delight in ;
Mark me, TITANIA, I did see a maid,
A very maid, pleading the cause of Nations,
Expostulating with a Sovereign warrior *,
To save a ravag'd country.—Canst thou think
An heart so early great, so exquisitely,
Tho' in a woman, will accept or heed,
In favour of her son, her eldest hope,
Thy gossip's talk, thy sugar'd lullaby,
Thy wish, that suits a common mother's ear ?
Away ! Away !

* The KING OF PRUSSIA.

TITANIA.

'Tis well, my haughty Monarch.
Is OBERON then to learn, that the best hearts,
The most aspiring, and the bravest, cherish
Most comprehensive feelings? Little minds
Do judge of great things, like the purblind gnat,
That deems a fly, a monster. Nobler natures
Encompass universal circumstance:
And while they can create their own enjoyment,
Find pleasing occupation every where.
The maid, that had a sigh for public sorrows,
Was happy, seeking to relieve those sorrows;
And being now a mother, will indulge,
Ev'n tho' a gossip's lullaby excite it,
A mother's ecstasy.—You, Sir, have seen her
Pleading the cause of nations.—I too, Sir,
I too have seen her; I have seen her wear
The robe of Majesty; yet never so,
But that she might descend to ease and sweetness,

All royalty preserv'd. We both have listen'd,
 When midst the courtly bands, like one enraptur'
 She hath enrich'd the gales with heaven-taught h
 mony :

Yet dwelt such mildness on her brow the while,
 Such meek complacence, as did seem to say,
 She could have own'd a pleasure in approving
 A milk-maid's madrigal !—We both have seen
 Her consort Lord, amidst the cares of millions,
 Their homage, their applause, yearn to release
 A death-doom'd felon's * forfeit !—surely then,
 Where regal bosoms bear so bland affections,
 TITANIA's talk as well may hope access,
 As OBERON's benediction look for welcome.

OBERON.

No more, TITANIA :—Our contention
 Doth trifle with occasion.—Thou, my Queen,
 Shalt add thy wish to mine ; and let our Train
 In general chorus, to the passing winds,

* TURBOT, son of TURBOT the Comedian.

Impart our high behests ; that Elves and Fays,
Thro' all the airy regions OBERON fways,
May pay due reverence, where their Sovereign pays. }

SONG with CHORUS.

OBERON.

TRUTH ! who dar'ft that Light to try,
Whose splendor mocks the eagle's eye ;
HONOUR ! whose unchanging rays,
Do foil the Diamond's stedfast blaze ;
Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
That sanctifies a Monarch's claim !

TITANIA.

Sweet CONTENT ! that lov'ft to rest
Pillow'd on the Cygnet's breast ;
INNOCENCE ! whose maiden care
Doth bleach for spring the snow-drop fair ;
Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
A Monarch for Mankind sustains !

OBERON.

JUSTICE ! who with dreadful pride
Athwart the Thunder-shaft dost glide ;
MERCY ! whose soft dew doth glow
Serene in Heav'n's high-tinged Bow ;
Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
That crowns his Briton Father's claim !

TITANIA.

Rose-hu'd HEALTH ! whose tresses shed
The fragrance lusty Morn hath spread ;
Playful MIRTH ! that oft dost ride
Upon the Lambkin's fleece astride ;
Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
His Father for Mankind sustains !

OBERON.

VIRTUE ! to reward his cares,
Let every Palm his Father wears,
At once inspire him and adorn

TITANIA.

LOVE! for him with all the store
Of virgin Charms his Mother bore,
Bedeck some Princess yet unborn!

GENERAL CHORUS.

UNION! PLENTY! JOY! and PEACE!
With his growing Years increase!
GLORY! GRATITUDE! and PRAISE!
Bless him thro' the length of Days!



V E R S E S
ON
OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

Spoken at MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL, on the
Days of Public Examination.

Besides the Day of Election of Scholars to SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE in OXFORD, there are in every Year two other Public Examinations of MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL; at which the Master and Wardens of the COMPANY, with some other Members of the Court of Assistants, are present: and to them each of the eight Monitors addresses a Copy of Verses in Latin, and another in English. The Subjects are chosen by the Master of the School, and it has been customary to fix on one *general* Subject, including, or connected with, seven others.

The following Poems are selected from a much greater number, which the Author had written for those occasions.

THE LIBRARY.

HAIL ! Contemplation ! grave, majestic Dame !
In thee, glad Science greets a Parent's name :
Thine is each art of speech, each rapturous strain :
The Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train !

From all of evil, life or dreads, or knows,
It's real trifles, and it's fancied woes,
O ! lead thy Votary ! penfive, yet serene,
'To some lone seat, thy favorite, hallow'd scene,—
Where his calm breast may every power employ ;
Feel self-born peace, and independent joy.

And see ! the Library my steps invites ;
Fraught with true profit, and with pure delights ;

Calls to a feast, which elegance must love,
The man must relish, and the heart approve.

How awful is the Spot!—Each honour'd Name,
Each theme of modern praise, and early fame,
Bards, Statesmen, Sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom Sense enlighten'd, and whom Glory fir'd,
Rise to my view, still sweet, still great, still bold,
Alive in power, and active as of old.

Yes! wasteful TIME! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond Boaster!—GENIUS scorns thy reign.

The Poet here, whom generous transport rais'd,
Survives coëval with the worth he prais'd.
If Deeds exalted gave his breast to glow,
Or Pity bade him sympathize with Woe;
If sweetly soft he chose the Lover's part;
Or Truth to Satire urg'd his honest heart;
His Verse still lives, his Sentiment still warms,
His Lyre still warbles; and his Wit still charms.

Here by the past to form the rising age,
The grave Historian spreads his ample page;

Whose faithful care preserves the Hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the Traitor's name ;
Whose Records bid fair Virtue ever live ;
And share immortal, in the life they give.

Here the firm Patriot, on whose winning tongue,
The snow-soft dews of mild Persuasion hung,
Who knew to lead, inspire, and controul
The ductile Passions,—and usurp the Soul ;
Still pleads, still rules ; now lively, now severe ;
Exalts the purpose ; or commands the tear.

Here the firm friends of Science and of Man,
Who taught new Arts, or open'd Nature's Plan ;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both combin'd,
Health to the Body, vigor to the Mind ;
Who bade Mankind to nobler aims arise,
More good, more just, more happy, or more wise ;
Shine, deathless, as the bliss their toil procur'd ;
While mem'ry pays the debt, desert ensur'd.

In such lov'd spot (if Fortune deign to smile)
Calm let *me* live, and every care beguile ;

Hold converse with the Great of every time,
The Learn'd of every class, the Good of every clime
There better still, as wiser grow ; and there
('Tis just ambition, tho' 'tis hopeless prayer)
Still found, like them, on real worth my claim ;
And catch their Merit, to partake their Fame.

THE NURSERY.

FROM hopes and cares, whose serious influence leads
To more important thought, and graver deeds,
The Muse, (who seeks to lighten Life's sad load,
And strew with mingled flowers our dreary road,)
Calls you to pleasures, real, chaste, serene :—
O ! spare a moment for so sweet a scene !
Calls you to trace with retrospective view,
The works your Childhood wrought, the joys it knew ;
From simple breasts, when harmless passions broke ;
When infant lisps, nature's language spoke ;
When all the Soul unbiased'd, free, sincere,
Glow'd in each smile, and gush'd in every tear.
See the dear spot, whose little bounds employ
The Girl's whole *taste*, the *business* of the Boy !

Her fluttering bosom, splendid trifles warm :
Each colour charms ; and change renews the charm.
Mark with what ecstacy her ceaseless care
Distributes beauties here, adapts them there :
While mix'd a thousand times, a thousand ways,
Rich tinsel beams, and glassy diamonds blaze :
Embrios of future fashions, to engage
More serious studies in maturer age ;
When equal cares, with equal power will reign,
Perhaps less innocent, perhaps more vain !

The Boy, meanwhile, whom other objects fire,
Fulfils in varied toils each new desire :
Now round and round the room with hasty strides,
On oaken steeds, a traveller he rides ;
Laborious now, his strength to climb he tries,
To heights unknown solicitous to rise :
Thron'd in a chair, looks down on things below,
A King—in thought, in spirit, and in show.

Perhaps, if powers of different influence sway,
Mechanic works employ his busy day :

: Then fondly anxious to secure an home,
e char He meditates intent the future dome ;
Cards rear'd on cards, in gaudy rows ascend,
: Till in a spire his little labours end.
ways, But ah ! how oft, ere that glad point he gain,
e : Will fickle fortune make those labours vain !
' How oft mere accident his rage provoke
To crush th' imperfect frame at one vindictive stroke !
on, Trifles like these, which breasts so pure employ,
'Tis joy to see, 'tis merit to enjoy !
re, Trifles like these, their purport if we scan,
Mark in the boy, the features of the man.
as Watch then, ye Parents, with peculiar care,
What favourite toys engage the rising heir :
Learn thence what Virtues, happier than the rest,
Will grace his temper most, or please it best ;
On these your hopes, your schemes, your prospects raise ;
By these instruct, and try ; reprove, and praise :
These Sense will aid ; these Reason will improve ;
And what the Child has *felt*, the Man will *love*.

THE LEADING-STRING.

GUIDE of my wayward steps, when young desire
Caught the first spark of Emulation's fire,
(Whose genial power, enkindling as it ran,
Rais'd Life, to Sense, to Reason, and to Man,)
Still, still my soul in memory's inmost cell,
Where images most dear, most sacred dwell,
With willing gratitude retains, reveres,
Thy faithful service to my weakest years !
Oft as my thoughts recall those early days,
Thy gentle aid demands my warmest praise ;
By thee at once directed, and sustain'd,
Unhurt I rovd, where countless dangers reign'd ;

Where else, each petty pebble had o'erthrown
An helpless wanderer, in a world unknown.

Beneath a thousand forms reflection shows
Combining perils, hardships, pains, and woes :
O! baneful influence, every moment spread
In varied terrors o'er an infant's head ;
Whom still, alike unconscious, unalarm'd,
The plain invited, and the desert charm'd ;
Whose heedless foot, with equal haste had trod
The fatal precipice, and flowery road ;
Who fondly rash, no other object knew,
Than what each changing trifle set to view ;—
Tir'd of the present, fond of that which flies ;
Still prone to fall, and impotent to rise.

Ev'n now I tremble at th' affecting scene :—
—Be firm my Soul !—What can this transport mean ?
Hark ! on mine ear some sound more awful breaks !
—'Tis no illusion !—'tis the Muse that speaks.

“ My son !” she says, “ if thus, thine heart, aghast,
“ Starts at the little snares thy childhood past,

“ Think, think, what dangers wait thee now!—for
“ know

“ Thou art still an Infant, in a world of woe :—

“ Still in thy way, Vice, Vanity, Disgrace,

“ Spread the broad net, that will obstruct thy race ;

“ Conceal the rock, that tempts with specious show

“ Thy foot, to plunge thee in th’ abyfs below ;

“ Hasten thee ; prepare thee, for th’ unequal strife,

“ And take from me, the Leading-strings of Life.

“ Be Virtue first thy care, thy wish, thine aim ;

“ Her rules thy standard, her applause thy fame :

“ To her thy steps let fair Discretion lead ;

“ Let Truth inspire thy thought, and crown thy
“ deed ;

“ Let sage Experience guide thy hand and voice ;

“ Be slow to choose ; but constant in thy choice ;

“ To Mercy’s dictates open all thy breast :—

“ Be Good—and Heaven will teach thee to be Blest.”

THE CAT.

LET me beseech you, Sirs, forbear to blame—

I'm half afraid to tell my subject's name :

Men have averfions—some to this, some that ;—

Does any body here dislike a Cat ?—

—Pray let him speak, who hates the theme I try :

For not to mince the matter, so do I.

I've toil'd full fore for rhyme, and pump'd for sense :

One would not take such pains, to give offence.

—Well, Gentlemen, be free ;—condemn my part :—

I'll drop it for your sakes, with all my heart.

What ! mute ?—will no good creature take my hint ?

—Then you must take my verse—that's all that's
in't.

Fain would I here relate the Honours won
By Wight of old ycleped WHITTINGTON ;
How with his Cat, to distant lands he came ;
And fav'd—from vermin—Realms without a na
How LONDON City thrice beneath his sway,
Confirm'd the presage of that happy day,
When echoing bells their greeting thus begun,
“ Return, thrice Mayor ! Return, O WHITT
“ TON !”

—But themes like these, to loftier Bards belong
Too weak my voice, too simple is my song :
If things of humbler import grace my lays,
Enough for me the burthen, and the praise.

Oft at the social hearth my soul has hung,
Intently anxious, on the matron's tongue,
Whose fertile fancy, by tradition led,
In every object, Fate's dark purpose read ;
Much mystic lore of various use she knew ;
Why coals seem coffins, and why flames b
blue.

But ne'er did sign so firm belief procure,
Not ev'n the winding-sheet was half so sure,
As when her Cat th' important omen gave,—
Alike significant, if gay or grave.
If with her tail Pufs play'd, in frolic mood,
Herself pursuing, by herself pursu'd,
See ! cry'd my Nurse, she bids for rain prepare ;
A storm, be sure, is gathering in the air :
If near the fire the kitten's back was found,
Frost was at hand, and snows hung hovering
round :

Her paw prophetic, rais'd above her ear,
Foretold a visit, for some friend was near.
Nor did the Cat the Dame *alone* employ ;
Her Cat had something to engage her Boy.
How has my bosom beat, when stolen aside,
By facts the truth of strange reports I tried ;
Saw thro' deep night her eyes' relucant rays ;
And taught her fur with lambent fires to blaze !

“ Cease, Trifler, cease,” methinks I hear you }
 say, }
“ From nursery legends, and from children’s }
 “ play :” }
—’Tis just reproof—I feel it, and obey.

Yet let me tell you, vain as they appear,
These trifles pleas’d, when pleasure was sincere ;
To joys, in age unknown, they rais’d the breast,
Form’d all it’s cares, and bade those cares be blest.

THE EYE.

To say what wond'rous skill, what happy care,
Taught the bold Eye the blaze of day to bear,
Thro' fluid space with piercing ken to pry,
To measure earth, and comprehend the sky,
Is but to tell, what every moment shows,
That Heaven no bounds in power or bounty knows,
All-mighty, when it works; All-good, when it
bestows.

This homage paid, forgive the vagrant Muse
If for her theme, some lighter dress she choose;
And clothe in sportive Fancy's wanton guise,
More trivial thoughts, from humbler hints that rise.

When vulgar gentry gather to a crowd,
Some all-intent, some jostling, and all loud,

You seek the cause, and wait for a reply ;
—'Tis ten to one they answer—" *Ask my Eye.*"
—You call this rude ; but call it what you will ;
Rude as it is, there's *meaning* in it still.

CLODIUS shall prove it:—CLODIUS looks you
through,
Yet seems to look at every thing but you :
Is he insidious, mean, malignant, fly ?
What says the vulgar maxim?—Ask his Eye.

When pert CORINNA darts from place to place,
Sinks with laborious ease, from grace to grace ;
Or calls forth glance by glance, and charm by
charm ;

Does she *design* our bosoms to alarm ?—
Does she conclude, that all who gaze, must die ?—
Does pride inspire her purpose?—Ask her Eye.

When the great Scholar, slow, precise, and slow,
Mere human clock-work, speaks a word an hour ;
Does his grave silence modesty imply ?
Or is it scorn's dumb language?—Ask his Eye.

The Flatterer swears, he lives upon your smile,
Calls himself *yours*, and makes you *his* the while :
Say, would you know, if what he speaks, he feels ?
—His Eye will tell you, what his heart conceals.

The Miser's Heir bedecks the funeral show,
With all the sad formalities of woe :
Behind the corpse himself a mourner creeps :—
But is it grief, or is it joy—that weeps ?
Consult his Eye ;—and there it will appear,
What hopes, what pleasures,—swim in every tear.

'Twere endless work to prove, that thro' mankind,
The speaking Eye proclaims the secret mind :
Would you the bad detect, the good descry ?
'Tis wife, 'tis virtuous toil :—examine,—try,—
Ask where you will,—But never miss the Eye. }

D I N N E R.

THE clock struck Four!—with solemn pace and flow,
A Bard, (Alas! that Bards should suffer so!)
Hungry and hopeless, poor and pensive stray'd
Lingering, along the Mall's deserted shade:
From Park the crowd to smoaking roofs repair;—
He feasts in Fresco, who must feast on air.

Yet, tho' stern fate substantial food deny'd,
Ideal viands fancy's power supply'd;
On bak'd, roast, boil'd (while chance the changes
rung)

The Poet mus'd:—and as he mus'd, he sung.

“ Waft, warmly-fragrant, sweetly-savory gales,
“ Waft the rich fumes, each kitchen round exhales!

" I smell, I smell the reeking odours rise !

" I see,—but Oh ! too soon the vision flies !

" Why ! why ! ye transient forms, this barbarous

" haste ?

" Ah ! stay ! Ah ! let me—let me—dream—I taste !

" Say, Virgin Muses ! (Ye can well divine)

" Say who, this moment, on what dainties dine !

" Now at the Merchant's board, from luscious

" streams

" Of soup, the quivering fat of turtles steams ;

" Drest by an art, no power of verse can tell ;

" Hash'd, flash'd, slic'd, spic'd, carv'd, serv'd in it's

" own shell.

" Now beards wag all, where summon'd Counties

" meet,

" And rival Squires, for England's welfare—eat :

" While hams and chins inspire th' elector's choice,

" And fix the freeman's right—to sell his voice.

" The napkin now it's wonted station fills,

" Beneath the sleek Church-warden's rosy gills :

- “ His eye devours the turbot to the bone ;
“ And ere he swallows, half the haunch is gone.
“ Now from the war of words, in peace withdraw
“ The coifed Counsel, learned in the law ;
“ O’er social chops they meet, beneath the rose ;
“ And club as friends, the foe that made them foes ;
“ To Dinner, these with ardor take their way ;—
“ Their clients—with what appetite they may.
“ Now o’er a fingle chicken, *tête à tête*,
“ Two Sweethearts coo ; a turtle and his mate ;
“ Love all their converse, all their thought supplies,
“ And ev’n the fingle chick neglected lies :—
“ Oh ! couldst thou, Cupid, but transport *me* there,
“ What love disdains, might be the Poet’s share.
“ See the tithe-pig the Parson’s table grace ;
“ Nor grudge the tribute due, ye rustic race !
“ Tho’ thousand tithe-pigs every day procures,
“ The priest’s good luck, is but the tenth of yours.
“ Lo ! DOLLY’s now the rich rump steak affords !
“ Repast for Lords, and Mistresses of Lords !

Yes, every street, and every house can boast
Some private manchets, or some public host !
Some public host, or private manchets fee,
Or every hungry mortal—but for me !”
Rhym’d the Bard, with many a sigh between ;
Then lo ! a Publisher came cross the Green !
They meet—they strike the bargain—and they bind,—
Pamphlet-monger paid, the Poet din’d,—
As to Satan Witches were of yore,
Revivify the arts he lov’d before ;
Whose harpy screamings merit to pursue ;
I damn by wholesale in the next Review.

W A T E R.

IF right "Αἰὼν ὕδωρ" PINDAR sings,
 That simple Water is the best of things,—
 Would Water-Poets were the best of Bards !
 But oh ! that chance is not upon the cards !
 Vain were th' attempt such logic to apply ;
 My verse would give my arguments the lie :—
 Yet what I can, I will :—Not he, whose lyre
 Leads on th' AONIAN mount the Sifter Choir,
 (Tho' all th' inspiring potions he explore
 From water up to nectar,) can do more.

From earth's deep womb—for earth their store
 supplies—

Thro' countless pores the moist effluvia rise

Distinct below, where oozing strata shed
Drop after drop ; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapours steam ; and as they go,
Condense, incorporate, extend, and flow.
—Thanks, kind Philosophy ! whose lore profound
Thus helps me bring my Water above ground !
—Henceforth to trace it little will suffice,
Obvious to common sense, and common eyes.

If in the mental calm of joy serene,
I seek, thro' Fancy's aid, the sylvan scene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled side
Of sedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies :—or with murmurs shrill
Running sweet unisons, where responsive still
In cadence meet, impending aspens hail
Heaven's mildest breath, soft quivering to the gale.

Too charming visions of intense delight !
Why ? whither vanish ye ?—Her eagle flight
Fancy renews : and full athwart mine eye
Throws an enormous Cataract :—from on high

In awful stillness deepening waters glide
Ev'n to the rude rock's ridge abrupt—then slide
Ponderous, down, down, the void ; and pitch below
In thunder.—Dash'd to foam, awhile they know
No certain current ;—'till again combin'd,
In boiling tides along the vales they wind.

O ! bear me hence, where Water's force display
More useful energy ;—where classic praise
Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who brought
Thro' channel'd rocks concentring streams, and taught
One Aqueduct divided lands to lave,
And hostile realms to drink one common wave.

But soft—methinks some horrid sounds I hear !
What throbbing passion speaks ?—'Tis fear : 'tis fear
—Water, where yonder Spout to Heaven ascends,
Rides in tremendous triumph ;—Ocean bends ;—
—And Ruin, raising high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waste, the bursting Mass will spread
Enough of wat'ry wonders :—all dismay'd
Ev'n Fancy starts, at forms herself hath made,

—Let them, whom terror can inspire, pursue
Themes too terrific :—I with humble view
Retire unequal,—nor will e'er again
To Water's *greater* works devote my strain ;
Content to praise it, when with gentle sway,
Profuse of rich increase, it winds its way
Thro' the parch'd glebe ; or fills with influence bland,
The cup of temperance, in the peasant's hand.

F L O W E R S.

I.

UNEQUAL to my theme, with desperate feet

I fought the Muse's bower ;

Anxious to see, tho' all-afham'd to meet

Some bland, inspiring Power :

When fleet along the rising gale,

The Queen, fair FANCY past ;

And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil

A glance benignant cast :

Then beck'ning to a secret glade,

" Come, see," she cry'd, " the train,

" Who own, beneath this mystic shade,

" My visionary reign !"

II.

E l to obey the glad command,
 with silent awe my stand : —
 while, in many a varying vest
 h expression aptly drest,
 Myriads seem'd to rove
 scuous, thro' the cultur'd grove :
 ach, as inbred impulse led,
 every flow'r-embroider'd bed
 certain Plant, whose blossoms rose
 Significantly pleasing, chose.—

III.

With frank, firm look, and light tho' steady tread
 Came COURAGE first, and crop'd a dew-charg'd
 ROSE ;
For in the tender Rose might best be read
 His very essence—Bloom that gently glows

Impell'd by gentle breath ; prone to dispense
- To all, all sweetnesss ; yet alert to shew,
If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm repentment points a thorn below.

IV.

Retiring from the public eye,
The Maiden meek HUMILITY
Was seen to turn with mildest grace
To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face ;
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like hers might well assume,
Prefer'd to every juster claim
The lowly DAISY's simple bloom.

V.

Some bawble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, or changing,

The coquette **AFFECTATION** skim'd wantonly by ;
On her breast a **NARCISSUS** she bore,
As if with **Narcissus** of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

VI.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering **PATIENCE** stood ;
Conquering evil still with good ;
Binding for her brow the while
Artless wreaths of **CAMOMILE** ;
Hardy plant, whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

VII.

Pure **CONSTANT LOVE**, (whose hallow'd fires
Time still exalts, and truth inspires,

In spite of absence, grief, or pain,)
 Approv'd the faithful **MARIGOLD**,
 Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,
 When first the sun asserts his reign ;
 Hail his glad progress thro' the day,
 Close gradual with his parting ray,
 Nor open, 'till he shines again.

VIII.

SUPERSTITION came telling her steps, and her beads ;
 Like Jack-in-a-bush hung all over with green,
 AGNUS-CASTUS by wholesale she cull'd from the meads,
 And stuck with due care **HOLY THISTLE** between
 A chaplet of **MONKS-HOOD** she pluck'd for her head,
 And **ROSEMARY** sprigs for the graves of the dead.

IX.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent HOPE all panting flew,
Prompt her eager eye to strain,
Far beyond the present view :
Quick from hint to hint to stray,
She the PRIMROSE held most dear ;—
First-born of returning May ;
Promise of the future year.

X.

ILL-NATURE to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-shot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight
Each flower of happier scent and hue ;
For none she chose of all that grew,
Save poisonous ACONITE.

XI.

Hand in hand, for they never afunder are feen,

All cheerful their features, all eafy their mien,

CONTENTMENT and INNOCENCE tript it along :

By the foft virgin SNOWDROP was INNOCENCE known,

CONTENTMENT took HEARTS-EASE, and call'd it her
own ;

Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

XII.

The throng !—juft hint to wild conceit like mine !—

Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine !

—Indulgent as ſhe was, methinks I hear

Ev'n Fancy's ſelf now whiſper in my ear,

“ Quit, ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowery road,

“ Nor what was meant a Noſegay, make a Load.”

S H R U B S.

ONCE on this Earth of ours, for change of air,
JOVE and his WIFE, like any mortal pair,
Stroll'd thro' a wood :—my book records not where. }

MADAM, who scarce would condescend to prove,
Below the sky, more patient than above,
Brush'd as she past, th' encumb'ring boughs aside,
With many a pout, and many a pish !—and cry'd ;
“ Shall cedars, JOVE, and pines alone provoke
“ Thy triple shaft's inevitable stroke ;
“ While in my way these shrubs their branches thrust ?
“ Is it thy scorn of them, or me, they trust ?
“ For once, at least, to my request attend ;
“ And let thy bolts on this vile spot descend.”

THE THUNDERER smil'd assent :—his arm was
rear'd ;

When lo ! DIANA from the copse appear'd :

Heard angry JUNO's plaint, and JOVE's behest ;—

And thus with homage due the vengeful Powers
address'd :

“ Ere yet that flaming terror quit thy hand,

“ And ample ruin wing the fatal brand,

“ Change, cloud-compelling KING, thy stern decree ;

“ Relenting JUNO shall approve my plea :—

“ Not that to me (tho' noble were the claim)

“ These shelt'ring shrubs present perpetual game ;

“ But that they stand with happier gifts supply'd,

“ To mental power, and social skill ally'd.”

She spoke, and wav'd her spear.—An airy throng
Rose instant into form, and glanc'd along.

First, from a *Laurel's* shade, whose foliage bound

Her elevated brow, came GENIUS.—Round

She threw the penetrating eye, that strays

Past all existence ; while a thousand ways

ie funders, joins, contracts, extends, at will,
 CTUAL and POSSIBLE ; imparting still
 o thought-engender'd essence,—feature, place,
 imension, operation, life, and grace.

With sturdy step, and arm of finewy length,
 ame RURAL INDUSTRY : His cunning strength
 tript, as they rose in many a supple shoot,
 he sapling *Ofiers* from the knotted root :
 hen wove for various use, with various care,
 he good-wife's basket for her market-ware ;
 he cudgel's hilt ; the wicker net, that holds
 he river's straggling fry ; the fence that guards the
 folds.

In yellow *Bow*, MECHANIC SKILL display'd
 nfinite versatility :—it made
 'he forceful skrew ; it turn'd the pulley's wheel ;
 t bade the top in mazy circles reel ;
 t form'd the shuttle ; and with happiest thought
 The needful comb for Beauty's tresses wrought.

Cool SELF-DEFENCE, to prove her practice right,
 Ielp up a *Bramble's* prickly stem to fight ;

That winds innoxious o'er it's native ground,
But gives, when most oppress'd, the deepest wound.

Fair DELICACY cropt the *Jasmine* bower,
To crown connubial Love's endearing power ;
Whose sweetly placid brow might best assume
So soft a verdure, and so pure a bloom.

From every shrub the devious thicket knows, /
The *Hazle*, prankful RECREATION chose :
Plain hint, that sport some object should pursue ;
And pleasure frolic, with a nut—in view.

Meanwhile the frown relax'd on JUNO's face,
And mild complacence follow'd in it's place ;
DIANA's skill the wrathful Queen appeas'd :—
And Jove (right glad to see his consort pleas'd)
Returning slept upon his golden bed,
Without a curtain-lecture in his head :—
Or, if a spice of HOMER'S GREEK will cheer ye,

"Εἶθ' αὖ καὶ τοῦδ' ἀναβάς· παρὰ δὲ, χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη *.

* Iliad. Lib. i. V. ult.—611.

THE BRAMBLE.

WHILE Wits thro' Fiction's regions ramble,—
While Bards for fame or profit scramble ;—
While PEGASUS can trot, or amble ;—
Come what may come,—I'll sing the BRAMBLE.

“ How now ! ”—methinks I hear you say :—
“ Why ? What is Rhyme run mad to-day ? ”
—No, Sirs, mine's but a sudden gambol ;
My Muse hung hamper'd in a Bramble.

But soft ! no more of this wild stuff !
Once for a frolic is enough ;—
So help us Rhyme, at future need,
As we in soberer style proceed.

All subjects of nice disquisition,
Admit two modes of definition :

For every thing two sides has got,—

What *is* it?—and what is it *not*?

Both methods, for exactness sake,

We with our Bramble mean to take :

And by your leave, will first discuss

It's negative good parts,—as thus.—

A Bramble will not, like a Rose,

To prick your fingers, tempt your nose ;

Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your own,—

Let that, and that lets you, alone.

You shut your Myrtles for a time up ;

Your Jasmine wants a wall to climb up ;

But Bramble, in its humbler station,

Nor weather heeds, nor situation ;

No season is too wet, or dry for't,

No ditch too low, no hedge too high for't.

Some praise, and that with reason too,

The Honeyfuckle's scent and hue ;

But sudden storms, or sure decay,

Sweep, with it's bloom, it's charms away :

The sturdy Bramble's coarser flower
Maintains it's post, come blast, come shower ;
And when time crops it, time subdues
No charms ;—for it has none to lose.

Spite of your skill, and care, and cost,
Your nobler shrubs are often lost ;
But Brambles, where they once get footing,
From age to age continue shooting ;
Ask no attention, nor forecasting ;
Not ever-*green* ; but ever-*lasting*.

Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,
And plac'd too near each other, perish ;
Bramble indulges no such whim ;
All neighbours are alike to him ;
No stump so scrubby, but he'll grace it ;
No crab so sour, but he'll embrace it.

Such, and so various negative merits,
The Bramble from it's birth inherits :—
Take we it's positive virtues next ;
For so at first we split our text.

The more *Resentment* tugs and kicks,
The closer still the *Bramble* sticks ;
Yet gently handled, quits it's hold ;
Like heroes of true *BRITISH* mould :
Nothing so touchy, when they're teas'd,—
No touchiness so soon appeas'd.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
The *Bramble's* homely berries stand :
Eat as you list,—none calls you glutton ;
Forbear,—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
Th' essence of true *Hospitality* ?
When frank simplicity and sense
Make no parade, take no offence ;
Such as it is, set forth their best,
And let the welcome—add the rest.

The *Bramble's* shoot, tho' *Fortune* lay
Point-blank obstructions in it's way,
For no obstructions will give out ;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about ;

Like valour, that can suffer, die,
Do any thing,—but yield, or fly.

While Brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part ?
No—let who will, affect to scorn 'em,
My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em ;
For as *Rhyme* did, in my preamble,
So *Reason* now cries, “ BRAVO ! BRAMBLE ! ”

THE BEETLE.

To all things, that are, or have been, or shall be
Of whatever materials, or form or degree,
Belong (if Logicians have told us no stories,)
Ten—here's a nice word for you!—ten CATEGORIES
And to shew you at once the great depth of
knowledge,

I'll tell you what names people give them at College
One, SUBSTANCE; two, QUANTITY; QUALITY, and three,
RELATION makes four; five—five?—let me see—
Five, ACTION; six, PASSION; seven, WHERE;
eight, WHEN:

Then nine, SITUATION; and HABIT, just ten:—
And this, I suppose, is the very first time,
That these same CATEGORIES, were stuck into rhyme
Now if *all* things, to these have a title confessed,
My BEETLE may plead it, as well as the rest;

Nor would he his claim (for why should he!)
withhold,

Tho' the ten were augmented to ten times tenfold.

First then as to SUBSTANCE, he's body and bone,
In an hundred and fifty varieties known;
Yet all of one genus; and all of one kin;
And like other plain people, he lives in his skin.

He has QUANTITY too, tho' it differ in figure;
For in EUROPE 'tis less, in AMERICA, bigger:
But with bigger or less, I'll not trouble my head;
He's as large as he need be,—and that's enough said.

As to QUALITY, he's a mere half-and-half-arian,
With one property here, and there a contrary one:
Now a reptile he creeps, now a volatile flies;
Now skulks from your sight; now comes bounce in
your eyes;

He's drowsy by day; and if vigils he keep,
'Tis at night; when most animals else go to sleep:
If senses he has, they 're imperfect at most;
He is more than half blind; and he cannot smell post;

He's stupid, and muzzy, and dull as a board ;
And he hums such a base, as no snorer e'er snor'd.
Then a necklace of Beetles, so PLINY affirms,—
As I tell you my author, I speak in bold terms—
Will charm away mischief from children who
bear it :—

Let who likes it, believe ; who believes, let him wear it.

The extremes of his various RELATIONS are odd :
By EGYPTIANS of old he was held for a God ;
But boys among us, in language uncivil,
Style him (saving your preference) " Coach-horse to the
" Devil."

His ACTION and PASSION, one fact will declare ;
For when he comes buzzing along in mid-air,
(With so headlong a flight, and with eye-sight so dim)
If he hurts my hard head,—my hard head must hurt
him.

As to PLACE, if in public he cannot be found,
You may meet him, half-smother'd with dust under
ground.

On the subject of TIME, three short words will
suffice,—

In spring he comes forth ; and in winter he dies ;
But die when he will, we 've no reason to fear ;
'There 'll be Beetles enough to succeed him next year.

His whole SITUATION, as far as we see,
Is a sort-of-a-kind of a riddle-me-ree.
He's an I by itself I, that stands rank'd with no peers :
As nobody loves him, so nobody fears ;
And it seems his chief aim, tho' he fly, or he creep,
Just to sleep out his life, and to live out his sleep.

His HABIT (and please you) is ever coal-black ;
And he carries two case-harden'd shells on his back,
Which cover his wings, and improve (we surmise)
The delectable music, he makes, when he flies.

And thus, in compliance with system and rules,
My theme I've defin'd, in the mode of the Schools ;
If that mode be absurd, let the learned look to't :
For here ends my Logic, and ditty to boot.

N O O N.

GENTLEMEN of the Session round,
 With reverence and respect profound,
 I on the spot, before you, here,
 Counsel for plaintiff NOON appear ;—
 For why?—Said NOON in sundry cafes,
 Things, matters, premises, and places,
 (As per Instructions in my brief)
 Stands much aggriev'd ; and craves relief.

My client, Gentlemen, refers
 To clouds of evidence ;—and avers
 That MORN and AFTERNOON combining,
 Plotting, contriving, and designing,
 By covert guile, and overt act,
 (*Contra statut' provis' et fact'*)

From his undoubted claim and right,
Have partly, and would oust him quite,
Cancel all proofs of his identity,
And make him a downright non-entity ;
Scarce to be found by search or trial,
Ave on the surface of a dial :
For this he owns, and owns with pride,
Inert as he is by all beside,
Pite of ill-luck, spite of ill-will,
His friend the SUN — sticks by him still.
The special *damage* he sustains,
Thus with submission Noon explains.
Time was (he warrants me to say)
When people rose, because 'twas Day ;
Dying so soon, they *drest* as soon ;
And all the World was gay by Noon
Whose presence two-fold lustre threw ;
Nature's meridian, and Day's too.
Think, then, how Noon held up his head !
— But oh ! that golden age is fled !

Th' intruder MORN, too near allied
To luxury, indolence, and pride,
By such encroachments has crept on,
That Noon is fairly past and gone,
And westward far, his journey takes,
Ere half the *modern* World awakes :
Whereby he mourns his honour lost,
His joy abridg'd, his influence crost ;
And fears, among politer folk,
(Should fashion carry on the joke)
His very name may soon be hift hence,
As much a *bore*, as his existence.

So close his neighbour MORNING shaves !
Now mark how AFTERNOON behaves !—

In palace, college, hall, of yore,
Bounce went at Noon the buttery door ;
The mutton-bell the guests convok'd ;
His rosy gills the chaplain strok'd ;
All stomachs, and all spirits up ;
They slic'd, they laugh'd ; they smack'd the cu

Then with new glee, new toils begun ;
And seem'd to live two days in one.
Now, appetite at four, at five,
At six, is scarcely scarce alive ;
And AFTERNOON usurps the place,
Which NOON once held with twice the grace.
Yet let not AFTERNOON presume ;—
Himself may meet an equal doom ;
No modish whim, perforce may yield,
And quit, ere dinner-time, the field ;
Who' past the hour, when stretch'd for rest,
Our fires were in their night-caps drest.
This by the bye.)—Poor ~~Noon~~ meanwhile,
Scouted by taste, and ton, and style,
Scarce sees a dinner in a year,
Save where day-labourers club for beer ;
Or gypfies stolen fuel store,
To cook the mefs—they stole before.
Here NOON aforefaid ends his charge ;
And hopes he need not now enlarge

On merits held, agreed, and known,
Time immemorial, for his own.
—If haply in life's earlier day,
He gave you many an hour of play,
If e'er intenser rays he shoot,
Ripening your grain, mellowing your fruit,
If oft, in winter's dire extreme,
He treats you with a casual gleam ;
And tho' oblique, and tho' opprest,
Faint as he shines, yet shines his best ;
Hear and redress a case so hard !
—He'll not demur from your award ;
But sure of candor and support,
Rest on the JUDGMENT of the COURT.

THE EASY CHAIR.

ASTRONOMERS, I know not why,
At pleasure parcel out the sky ;
As if the whole ethereal way
Were theirs for ever and for aye ;
And all the stars the heavens unfold,
But the mere stock of their free-hold.

Befide the lion, bull, and bear,
Some *ladies* in their favour share ;
And one, with special kindness treated,
Is in a blaze of radiance seated :
Consult your globe, you'll find her there ;
CASSIOPE, and eke her Chair !—
“ Is it an Easy Chair ?” you'll say ;
We'll settle that some future day.

'Tis doubtless (to cut short all pother)
The easiest there—for there's no other.
—No other?—Then have I, 'tis clear,
No other business with the sphere :
Quit, Muse, the polar heights, and try
What Terra-firma will supply.

On most occasions here below,
Two old opponents, Aye, and No,
Like man and wife in couples go :
Ev'n so the Easy-Chair displays
Some ground for satire, some for praise ;
And tho' on neither side I'm fee'd,
On both sides, with your leave, I'll plead.

First then for satire !—Do you seek
For hallow'd Ignorance, gross, and sleek?—
Where drones, by name of Monks, repair,
To yawn out psalms, and snore out pray'r,—
She mounts an Abbot's Easy-Chair.

See ! where poor Indolence reclines !
Lolls, tumbles, stretches, sprawls, and pines !

Life has no pain, like that she feels :
A thousand racks, a thousand wheels,
In shape of Easy-Chairs, pursue
The wretch—who knows not what to do.


But let us turn the tables here ;
And see what hints for praise appear.

Imprimis then, Disease will own
An Easy Chair excels a throne.

Give philosophical Conceit
Free leave to take the Scorners' seat :
But Wisdom will prefer, elsewhere,
Contentment, and an Easy Chair.

Ambition shakes the world sometimes,
As upward to her wish she climbs ;
While every step she gains, declares
A Chair of State, a chair of cares :—
Let her, and welcome, take her choice ;
Let me with simple mirth rejoice :
Mirth knows *no* care, except providing
An Easy Chair—to shake her side in.

The gravest moralists, one and all,
Old age a second childhood call ;
For which this Easy Chair of mine,
A second cradle, I define.—
—To lull us in that last retreat
Speak, gentle Peace, thy tidings sweet !
Each pang may resignation sooth !
And Conscience lay our pillow smooth !
While Hope, her eye to Heav'n address,
Enwraps us in her friendly vest,
And rocks us to Eternal Rest !



IMAGINARY PERSONAGES.

THE PASSIONS once, in frolic pastime gay,
Stole FANCY'S Magic-Lantern for a day :
And each, in order, it's effect essay'd,
On some new Phantom, which herself portray'd.

Fierce ANGER first her hasty hand apply'd,
And sketch'd an earth-born Giant's towering pride :
Vast was his strength, and terrible his nod ;
He spoke in thunder, and on storms he rode ;
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down thrones ;
And infants call him still, Raw-head-and-Bloody-
Bones.

VALOUR, of glorious hazard only proud,
Drew Dragons hissing from the bursting cloud ;

Sorcerers, whose spells could wrathful warriors tame
And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame ;
Till happier Hardihead th' enchantment broke ;
And magic adamant dissolv'd in smoke.

FEAR's trembling pencil group'd a Goblin crew,
Ghosts clattering chains, around the church-yard
yew ;

Forms, without heads, that crost the midnight ways
Heads, without limbs, where saucer eye-balls blaze
And Shapes grotesque, down eve's grey shade to
slide,—

And buzzing, grinning, chattering, screaming, glide

To her succeeded HOPE, intent to trace
A friendly Wizard's comfortable face,—

THE reverend Merlin of a former age,—
Unconquerably just, benignly sage.

Low o'er his breast a milk-white beard was spread ;
Aw'd by his wand the Powers of Mischief fled ;
Till—every peril past—sure triumph grac'd
The brave ; and happy wedlock crown'd the chaste

A scene far different wild DESPAIR employ'd ;
ries, whose whips clafh thro' the darksome void ;
mons with forks of fire, and breaths of flame,
iat howl revenge, and chuckle at our shame,—
ock guilty misery's most alarming hour,—
nd to the rage of malice, add the power.
MIRTH then display'd a jocund troop to view ;
im Fairies, frisking on the twilight dew ;
ntastic Will-a-wisps thro' bush and brier,
iat lur'd the staring clown, and fous'd him in the mire ;
nd fire-proof Elves, that round the caldron squat,
nd burn the housewife's dumplin to the pot.
Then SUPERSTITION came, her Sprites to shew,
iat make the mastiff's yell, the note of woe ;
: melancholy's window flap their wings,
concert with the dirge the raven sings ;
er Nature's face a veil of omens spread,—
rplex the living, and belie the dead.
ENVY's shrunk finger next th' occasion caught ;
nd scratch'd the hideous image of her thought ;

A scraggy Witch, on broom-stick hors'd for flight;
Equipp'd with all th' artillery of spite;
Mildews and blights, to blast the forward grain;
Philtres t' intoxicate the mad'ning brain;
Prayers mumbled backwards, discord to promote;
And crooked pins, to rend the sufferer's throat.

Love still remain'd—but lo! while she prepares
Her little family of Joys and Cares,
Fancy herself surpris'd the wanton train,
Reclaim'd her Lantern,—and resum'd her reign;
Seiz'd on the spot, the visionary scroll,
And then to GENIUS gave the motley whole.

GENIUS, sublime with taste, correct with ease,
Alternate soften'd those, and heighten'd these;
From features rude, and parts of monstrous size,
Bade mystic sense, and moral beauty rise;
Engag'd Tradition on the side of Truth;
And made the Tale of Age—the Oracle of Youth.

THE BOOK.

IEN from our Master's hand this theme I took,
 me, *volens volens*, coupled it with—Cook :
 tho' the wife say, second thoughts are best,
 irst, with your good leave, shall stand the test ;
 Cook shall matter for the Book prepare,
 turn my Catalogue to a Bill of Fare :
 frown, if puns, more thick than proofs, are
 laid ;

ur poetic Force-meat *must* be made.
he Folio Volume's ample bulk supplies
terary Dish, of larger size.
1 EPIC Verse, when skill and genius meet ;
vast *Sir-loin*, an universal treat.

Solid, tho' savory, flows th' HISTORIC Strain;
Like the *boil'd Buttock* — cut and come again.
ENCYCLOPEDIAS — art's whole scope include;
And set before you science *barbicued* ; —
Where, as your stomach serves, your mefs you
 measure,
And choose your *Joint*, and cut your *slice* at
 pleasure.

FATHERS and CANONISTS are tough, dry food;
Mere learned *Stock-fish*, neither bad nor good.
LAW CODES from time a *musty* sanction get;
As *Venison* takes it's flavour from *fumette*.
Words under words, in rows succeeding rows,
The DICTIONARY's column'd leaf compose;
And, stand in culinary style exprest,
Like *Bacon* on a *larded Turkey's* breast.
Long-winded SCHOLIASTS, in th' enormous page,
Hasb up the dulness of a former age;
Or the vast vase with *Water-fouchy* fill,
And make insipid, more insipid still:

While CRITICS, that in sounder sense excel,
Like *Smelts* round *Salmon*—grace the dish they swell.

So much for *Folios* —Smaller Books appear,
Tho' less substantial, yet more various cheer.
—ABRIDGMENTS give an Author's works in brief;
As Cooks to *Jelly* stew down shins of beef.
The cloth for *Turtle*, hack TRANSLATORS spread;
Then serve up *Goose's Gibblets*, or *Calve's Head*.
REVIEWS and MAGAZINES odd scraps retail;
True *Salmagundi* stuff, *four*, *salt*, *fresh*, *stale*.
SATIRE is *pepper'd Gizzard grill'd* in taste.
And what are MODERN ESSAYS, but *puff-paste* ?
COMEDY's *Soup-maigre*, from a *French Tureen* :
And TRAGEDY, the *BLACK pudding* of the scene.
What's MODISH ELOQUENCE?—*Whipt-cream*, for
footh,
Froth'd up and *sugar'd*, to the vulgar tooth.
STATE LOGIC's *Chicken-Broth*, so thin, so weak !
And OPPOSITION POLITICS—*Bubble-and-squeak* !

LOVE—POETRY'S *Pap-sauce*, soft, simple, sweet :

And POPULAR THEOLOGY, *minc'd-meat*.

SCRIBBLERS, from hand to mouth, who write and
live,

In weekly NUMBERS, mental *Spoon-meat* give.

Alamode Collops—MISCELLANIES club :

And NOVELS—sentimental *Syllabub*.

Not *Books* alone from Viands take their cue,

Even *Bindings* have a spice of Cookery too.

SHEETS into *Skin*, like *Sausages* are thrust :

GILDING is *Garnish*; PASTEBOARD is *rais'd crust*.

Some frivolous gentry of the present day,

In *Alphabetic Buckles* shine away :

But language needs not fashion's flimsy aid ;

It's elemental base is deeper laid

Your children living, and your grandfires dead,

Lov'd, while they thumb'd, and *tasted* as they
read—

The HORN-BOOK's best edition—*Gingerbread*.

Thus Books are intellectual Aliment; drest
For every appetite of every guest :—
Or, if a various reading you can swallow,
“ *Scripta* * Palati nunc, *quæcunque recepit* APOLLO.”

* Scripta, PALATINUS quæcunque recepit APOLLO.

HORAT. Ep. 3. L. 1.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

“**H**OME’S Home, however homely,” Wisdom says—
And certain is the fact, tho’ coarse the phrase.—
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse’s call ;
And as she leads th’ ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.

Clear then the stage !—No scenery we require,
Save the snug circle, round her Parlour Fire :—
And enter, marshall’d in procession fair,
Each happier Influence, that predominates *there*.

First LOVE, by friendship mellow’d into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kiss,
When fondly welcom’d to the accustom’d seat,
In sweet complacence Wife and Husband meet ;

ook mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
epose from labours, but unite in care.

AMBITION—does Ambition there reside ?
as !—when the Boy, in manly mood, astride,
f headstrong prowess innocently vain,
inters, the jockey of his Father's cane.

While EMULATION, in the Daughter's heart,
ears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part ;
ith zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms ;
nd in the romp, the future house-wife forms.
Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
nd ART and GENIUS in their pastime join ;
his the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents ;
hat rears aloft the card-built tenements.

Think how JOY animates, intense, tho' meek,
ie fading roses on their Grandame's cheek ;
hen proud the frolic progeny to survey,
ie feels, and owns, an interest in their play ;
dopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold ;
nd tells, at every call, the story ten-times told.

Good-humour'd DIGNITY endears, meanwhile,
The narrative Grandfire's venerable style,
If, haply, feats atchiev'd in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attention's ear command.

To such Society, so form'd, so blest,
TIME, THOUGHT, REMEMBRANCE, all impart a zest :
And EXPECTATION, day by day, more bright,
Round every prospect throws increasing light :
The simplest comforts act with strongest force ;
Whate'er can give them, can improve, of course.

All this is *Common-Place*, you'll tell me—true !
What pity 'tis not COMMON FASHION too !—
Roam as we will, plain sense, at last, will find,
'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind*.
—If *Individual Good* engage our hope,
DOMESTIC VIRTUES give the largest scope ;
If plans of *Public Eminence* we trace,
DOMESTIC VIRTUES are it's surest base.—

Would great example make these truths more clear ?
The greatest of examples shall appear.
—Is there a MAN, whom general suffrage owns
An Honor to the Majesty of Thrones ?
—Is there a Man, whom general Love's acclaim
Greets with each noblest, and each dearest name ?—
He, midst the Glare of State, and Pomp of Power,
Courts the soft sympathies of the Family Hour ;
Not less illustrious at his own Fire-side,
By private Merit's Sterling standard try'd,
Than, when the cares from Royal Worth that spring,
Call forth the PEOPLE'S FATHER, and the KING.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING:

COME, FANCY ! come ! and bring with thee
The cottage Nymph SIMPLICITY !
And as thou try'st thy pencil bold,
Let her, Decorum's compass hold !
While in one piece correctly sweet,
Expression and propriety meet.

But what one piece, ye friendly Pair,
Your union's joint effect shall share ?
For me, if ye vouchsafe your skill,
The canvas let a Landscape fill.

Let Nature in the foremost ground
Disperse her varied scenery round :
Rear, gently bending to the breeze,
In casual group her loftier trees ;

Whose crossing trunks bedim the glade,
Spontaneous arch of needful shade ;
While from their outward foliage, gleam
The fleet tints of day's passing beam.

Let next in order due succeed
The mingled hues of vale and mead ;
The road in devious windings wrought ;
Now lost, and now at distance caught ;
Whose broken track directs us still
To some brisk streamlet's glassy rill ;
Whence lessening in progressive guise,
Long levels stretch, abrupt rocks rise ;
'Till Light's last line the view complete ;
And woods, skies, plains, and mountains meet.

Let, full to sight, a thatch-clad dome
Give humble Honesty an home ;
At whose low door, with house-wife zeal,
Unconscious beauty twirls her wheel ;
Whose chimney, peeping o'er the roof,
Speaks economic welcome's proof ;

While unsuspecting innocence
Finds in each bush a native fence.

Let Plenty, not for shew but use,
Her numerous family introduce ;
Her larger kine on flope, or dale,
That drag the plow, or fill the pail ;
Her flocks, from off whose fleecy side
Comes English traffic's staple pride ;
And, all of feather'd finery vain,
Her barn-door plump domestic train.

Let Labour frank, of patient glee,
Drive the stout team along the lea ;
With Hope still scattering in his rear
The seedling ear~~ns~~ of the year ;
Or tinging, gradual, as they grow,
The lavish stores of Autumn's glow.

Let, o'er the hospitable jug,
In mutual relaxation snug,
On some rude beam's extempore feat,
The fathers of the village meet ;

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Discussing, amicably warm,
The politics of the field and farm.

Nor be the distant church forgot,
Whose rustic spire o'er-looks the spot :
Prompting idea to suppose
What festive sanctity it shows,
When unaffected piety pays
The tribute of appropriate praise :
Or, at the antique altar's side,
A faithful youth, and artless bride,
Their spousal troth alternate plight,
And seal love's vows with wedlock's rite.

Here, FANCY, lay the pencil by :—
—And thou, whoe'er thou art, whose eye
O'er pictur'd life delighted strays ;
If aught thou hop'st in future days
To realize a scene like this,
—Make previous Virtue earn the bliss.

“ BOTTLED ale” (if a popular phrase I may quote
“ Will smile in your face, while ’tis cutting y
“ throat.”—

And Irony’s trim, I presume, you’ll agree,
Is as like bottled ale, as a pea’s like a pea.
For it means you most harm, when it speaks you
kind ;

All affection before, and all mischief behind.

When you use a blunt razor, ’tis twenty to one
That you scarce touch your chin, till you see the h

When a painter, with judgment his colours has laid,
He heightens the light, and light deepens the
shade:

As contrasts in picture, so contrasts in wit,
Mutual advantage impart, and admit ;
As in Irony's case, with reciprocal power,
Sweetness makes sweetness more sweet, sweetness makes four-
ness more four.

Our strolling cake-merchant will oftentimes put
In his basket a viand, yclep'd a game-nut ;
Which seeming to promise a gingerbread treat,
Its tempting appearance invites you to eat ;
At the moment your teeth touch the treacherous
frame,
With pepper's strong caustic, your mouth in a
flame :

A game-nut in language is Irony's smile,
Insinuating air, and its soft soothing style ;
Like its real effect, when the whole you discern,
Like pepper to bite, like a caustic to burn.

In the marshes and moor-lands, the sportsmen
employ

A renegade duck, which they call a decoy ;
Who in tone so alluring repeats his " quack, quack,"
That his brethren flock round him, duck over duck's
back ;

Nor perceive, 'till too far for retreating they get,
That they 're thrusting their heads within sweep of a
net :

So like to this treason is Irony's tale,
You can hardly say which has the turn of the scale ;
Both the very same game on credulity play ;
Both are artful to please ; and both please, to betray !

A bear, when an hive, in his rambles, he meets,
Sticks, without fear or wit, his rude nose in the sweets ;
But finds bees can be angry, as bears can be stout ;
And sneaks off, with an hundred sharp stings in his
snout :—

Remember this bear ; and when Irony brings
Her honied address, be aware of her stings.

ut perhaps all this while 'twill be laid to my
charge,

at on Irony's worst part alone, I enlarge :

ill be said, that on truth's side it often has stood,

l by contrasted falsehood, made virtue's cause good ;

at a fiction may strike, where no proof would suc-

ceed ;—

acknowledge the fact ;—but lament for the need :

sure, Irony's aid might be laid on the shelf,

ld Truth always be heard, when it speaks for itself.

THE VOCATIVE CASE.

AMONG *these Cases*—and the brags of each,
Mine claims no kin, but to one Part of Speech;
And e'en that *one* implies no grand connection,
The least of all the Eight—the Interjection.
Nay, to let down its consequence still more low,
The least of Words,—the least of Syllables—O!
—However my proud neighbours may aspire,
The Vocative Case can only suit a Crier!—
Well! I submit—and since 'tis come to this,
A Crier I will be :—O! Yes!—O! Yes!
The Men and Manners of our modern day,
Will give my little O! abundant play.

To you, ye great, then,—and to you, ye small,
In *vocative* construction, thus I call !

O ! Yes ! Ye offspring of illustrious fires !
Whose lives *should* function, what your birth
requires,

At higher estimates lineal honours set ;
Nor sacrifice nobility—to a bet !

O ! Yes ! Ye dames, whom courtly splendours
grace,

Consorts and dowagers of each titled race,
Thro' pleasure's restless circles while ye roam,
Think, now and then, of Duty—Nature—Home !

O ! Yes ! Ye politicians, who declare
The fate of nations, from an easy chair,
On social service, your address employ !
And join to earn the blessings you enjoy !

O ! Yes ! Ye mushrooms of Philosophy's school,
Who torture right by metaphysic rule,
Move not the base, where truth so long has stood ;
But let plain sense, lead plain men, to plain good !

O ! Yes ! Ye painful triflers, who explore
On a moth's wing, a spot unseen before,
Transfer your toils, your own distinctions scan ;
And study manhood's worthiest object—Man !

O ! Yes ! Ye manufacturers of despair,
Who like curst curs, growl o'er the mecs ye share,
Look round, where millions want, what you have
had !

—The just are grateful—Be the grateful glad !

O ! Yes ! Ye fair, down fashion's stream who
swim,

Ye hoyden bouncers ! and ye prudes so prim !
Shine as ye may, with artless charms content ;
Seem—what ye are ; and *be*—what Nature meant !

O ! Yes ! Ye pigeons, who on luck rely,
Chances of cards, decisions of a die,
Think ruin lurks beneath each frantic stake !
—Amidst life's lot of miseries, your's ye *make* !

O ! Yes ! Ye subjects in a land like ours,
Enlarge your sentiments ; but unite your powers !

Freedom with virtue, zeal with sense ally'd,
No force can conquer—let no arts divide !

O ! Yes ! All ye, whoe'er ye are, that please
To take the Crier's word, on points like these,
Be sure, experience will reward impart ;
And Wisdom find it's echo—in your Heart.

THE DAY-FLY.

To guess what *actual* properties, feelings, pow'rs,
Fill animal life, where *life* but fills five hours,
Were toil, if not as impious, quite as vain,
As modern mad philosophers sustain ;
Who reason's light, with rash assumptions shade,
And hide their God—behind the works he made.

But why despair?—Altho' th' Ephemeral Fly
So scanty scope for positive hints supply,
Tho' what it *is*, description scarce can say,
Still what it *seems*, may prompt the abundant lay.

It seems then, palpably, where'er 'tis trac'd,
An individual, among millions plac'd ;

A member in a free community free ;
Born to no rights, except the right to be ;
Yet in the space thro' which 'tis doom'd to go,
Still on the wing, and still alertly so ;
Unharm'd and harmless, in incessant play ;
By none impeded, and in no one's way !—
Say, politicians, where on earth beside,
Does independence, so complete, abide ?

The Day-Fly's brief existence we suppose,
With evening to commence, with night to close ;
Form'd as it is, no rough assault to bear,
No fun's excess, no turbulence of air ;
Proof of the Omnipotent Goodness, which assign'd
The calmest period to the weakest kind !
See this ! ye fools ! at nature's laws who rail,
And weigh out Deity, in presumption's scale !
See this ! and conscious of a truth so clear,
Say, is not moral fitness perfect here ?

Short as the Day-Fly's vital range may seem,
'Tis, while it lasts, enjoyment in th' extreme !

Life, without peril, pain, or care, sustain'd;
Strength undiminish'd; frolic unrestrain'd!
Could we, proud Men, from our own length of
years,

Expunge our wants, our sorrows, and our fears;
Folly's disgustful, sloth's insipid, hour;
All memory's bitter, all ill-humour's sour;
Whoe'er the real residue should state,
Would find that residue, a mere Day-Fly's date.

Such is humanity's regular routine.—
If madness more eccentric fill the scene;
If Guilt howe'er successful, gnaw the heart;
If Conscience at her own suggestions start;
If coward Jealousy's ever-restless eyes,
Anticipate torture, while they watch surmise;
Who, but must choose, if wisdom's voice he
hear,

A Day-Fly's hour, before a villain's year?

Wherein, you'll say, wherein, if this be true,
Does Man the pettiest animal outdo?

Or rather, measuring life by pleasure's span,
Is not the pettiest animal more than Man ?
—No—trust me, No,—For him things future
wait—

There is the being, which decides *his* fate !
'Tis his, if due attention he employ,
To make the present, innocence—if not joy :
Sure for that innocence, deathless bliss to share !—
Fly of a day—but *Immortality's* Heir !

GRACEFUL ADDRESS.

WHEN first o'er EDEN's blisful shade
Mankind's forefather, guiltless, stray'd,
His eye sublime, his tranquil face,
His noble port, his lordly pace,
Tho' separate symmetry they disclos'd,
One total majesty compos'd ;—
Where, true to joy's complacent tone,
His mind in every movement shone.

Such once was man !—with innocence blest !
Comeliest of beings—because best !
Till from th' Almighty Presence chas'd,
Exil'd, abash'd, dismay'd, debas'd,

He fell—beneath his deadliest foe ;
Victim of wrath ; and heir of woe !

From that sad period, forms constrain'd,
Contracted sentiments, feelings feign'd,
On mere capricious arts depend ;
Distorting, what they seek to mend.

Pride first, assum'd a statelier air,
It's step, a stride ;—it's look, a stare ;
It's smile, a favour ;—from it's hand
A signal, fate ;—it's nod, command.
While Grace transferr'd to grandeur's sphere,
Grew pompous, distant, stern, severe.

Next affectation's reign appear'd ;
On more extensive basis rear'd :
Savage and simple, great and small,
Her ample range included all.
The smirk, the tofs, the shrug, the stalk,
Part slide, part swim, part dance, part walk ;
The limp, the lisp, the pert, the prim ;
Fashions for laws, for axioms, whim ;

Each their successive changes rung ;—
While fair and homely, old and young,
Courtier and rustic, flirt and beau,
The high-bred, and of course, the low,
Caught some variety of grimace :
Conceit was ton ; and ton was Grace !

'Twere well, if Affectation's power
Were only seen, in Folly's hour :
But Fraud, alas ! too often tries
Fictitious Grace's sly disguise ;
So delicate, so well-inclin'd,
So plausible, so polite, so kind,
So soft, so smooth, so friendly too,
So good, so—every-thing—but true !

Methinks, you'll tell me, here I seem,
Entirely to reverse my theme ;
And paint instead of real Grace,
Mere Mimicry, that usurps it's place.
—I own the fact, but meant to draw
It's contrast, with the more éclat.—

Grace is not Fraud, Conceit, or Pride.—

What is it then?—Who shall decide?

Candour, perhaps, will not repine

T' accept th' attempt, from verse like mine.

Grace, whose address the wise applaud,

Disclaims all pride, conceit, or fraud.—

'Tis elegance, which pervades the whole,

When look, voice, attitude, speak the soul:—

'Tis that propriety, which reveals

In nature's mode, what nature feels:—

'Tis sense, estrang'd from cold neglect,

From coarse excess, from rude defect:—

'Tis that decorum, thro' whose ease,

Truth can at once convince, and please:—

'Tis eloquent rectitude of intent,

Which makes simplicity, ornament:—

'Tis frankness, whose more cheerful vein,

Nor prompts a blush, nor gives a pain:—

'Tis that civility, which affirms

Humanity's wish, in charity's terms:—

'Tis that attraction, which can throw
Sincerity's charms o'er virtue's glow :—
'Tis meek superiority, bright,
Without obscuring humbler light :—
'Tis sympathy, whose benignant phrase
Can comfort, where it cannot praise :—
'Tis dignity, fix'd on honour's post,
Which neither gives, nor heeds a boast :—
'Tis wisdom, zealous, tho' serene,
Gently impressive, kindly keen :—
'Tis body, mind, deportment, style,
Free from embarrassment, as from guile :—
'Tis that, at least—in some degree,—
Which Man, first form'd, was form'd to be !

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

WHEN HORACE named the Natives of our Isle,
"strangers," was th' invidious style ;
"VIRGIL's pleasure BRITAIN's sons to call,
"then fever'd from the world"—and that was all.
"SUCH indeed a little farther goes,
"grants our fires some genius could disclose ;
"SOME, he tells us in right pompous tone,
" " barbarous British baskets, form'd her own."

BRITANNOS hospitibus feros. HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 4. Lin. 33.
penitus toto divisos orbe BRITANNOS. VIRG. Ecl. 1. Lin. 67.
"bara de pictis veni bascauda BRITANNIS,
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam.

MARTIAL. Lib. 14. Ep. 97.

This in old writ, and only this we learn ;
In vain of course to such records we turn :
In vain we seek for classical eclat ;—
ENGLAND's own portrait, English facts must draw.

So be it then.—And if you can endure,
So bold an effort of an hand so poor,
Accept this humble sketch from my rude skill,
Whose faithful outline, truth at least shall fill.

Among the splendid boasts of national fame,
Stands with proud eminence martial glory's claim ;
And ENGLAND's foes in many a conflict crost,
Have tried her native valour to their cost ;
Have felt how sure, yet how humanely slow,
Her vengeance,—how decisive is her blow ;
Vigorous to enforce the sword, she loves to sheath ;
And twining victory's palm, with mercy's wreath !

Provoke an Englishman ! how warm he glows !
—No longer fierce, when you no more oppose :—
Frank to announce th' emotions of his mind !
Stern to the stubborn ! to the suppliant kind !

Impetuous to insist on right and fit !
Keen to urge proofs, ingenuous to admit !
With still an arm, encroachment to withstand !
With still an heart, for every friendly hand !

Prefs'd by misfortune's tempests, gathering round,
An English sufferer's patience stands its ground :
Each fresh attack, some strong resolve renews :
Assault may crush it, but no force subdues.

Whatever boon an Englishman bestows,
From mere good-will, the prompt beneficence flows :
Free from all grudge, unwarpt by all controul,
His welcome—speaks the welcome of the soul !

Too oft, alas ! in this our clime is seen,
Th' Hypochondriac, brooding o'er his spleen ;
Yet ev'n that spleen can sympathy's call abide ;
Loft to himself,—he feels for all beside :—
Shew him some harder task, some manlier aim,
Some feasible benefit, some sublimer claim,
His powers fresh impulse from despair will take,
And all the Englishman within—awake.

Some call us contradictions ; fire and phlegm ;
Eager to gain, what gain'd we soon condemn :
If weakness here, sarcastic censure finds,
'Tis sure, the weakness of the noblest minds ;
And only proves us to impartial eyes,
More anxious for the cause, than for the prize.

Satirists, sometimes, in English manners, sneer
Address too blunt, and sentiments too severe ;
The sanguine fervor, rapid feelings vouch,
Which scorning to deceive, disdains to crouch.
—We own the charge :—we are indeed a race,
Rough of approach, and awkward at grimace ;
But trial (if you try us) will declare,
What obvious, kindred virtues centre there ;—
Exalted sense of honour ! all the pride
Of conscious truth, to liberal thought ally'd !
Sincerity's purpose ! honest candour's trust !
Whate'er inspires, becomes, or binds the just !
So stands amidst the waves, our country's shore ;
And frowns contempt on Ocean's angry roar.

A front abrupt, her rocky cliffs present ;
As if for rude resistance only meant ;
But all within th' encircling steep barrier,
Luxuriant vales, and oak-crown'd hills appear ;
A soil, where plenty's best varieties reign,
A kingdom, worthy real freedom's train :—
While Nature seems to adopt the favourite coat,
The Land her garden, and the Men her boast.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

WHAT cheer? what cheer? Sirs! fore and aft!
Aloft! i' th' gangways! and abaft!
For this your care to overhaul
Our trim,—we thank you, one and all.

The fortunes of an English Tar
Various, as hap and hazard are;
Yet no varieties ever damp
His spirits, or his humour cramp:
Whatever was his former lot,
Put him on board, 'tis all forgot:
He there displays, in every part,
A thoughtless, guileless, dauntless, heart:

He's there all hero !—But, avast !

Methinks I shoot ahead too fast.

In fight, stick ever by the stuff !—

But among friends, steer clear of puff !

“ Put him on board,” I said—why true ;—

For that's his proper point of view.

Suppose yourselves then in a Ship,

And me your captain for this trip ;—

A Ship well-mann'd, well-rigg'd, well-found ;—

Her bottom clean ; her timbers sound !—

Tight, tough tarpaulins, all her crew !

—Mayhap, you 'd like to see a few.—

Suppose yourselves, this moment hearing

My orders for the gang's appearing ;—

—“ *Below there !—Jackets ! trousers ! checks !*

—“ *Turn out, all hands ! and man the decks !*”

So please you, let us take the group,

Rang'd as they stand, from prow to poop.

The boatswain first.—He, you must know,

Had once a vixen wife in tow :

But death, with a fide-wind, d' ye fee,
Drove her adrift ; and fet him free.
She left, however, an embargo
Of debts, fo heavy on his cargo,
It made him from his moorings steer,
To weather storms, lefs boifterous, here.

Alongfide him, the mate you 'll mark ;
A merchant's maccaroni clerk :
Crank, gunnel to, before the gale
He sped ; and crowded all his fail ;
'Till at an un-paid taylor's call,
The lawyers conjur'd up a fquall :
—Had then thofe sharks, the bailiffs, met him,
Keel-upwards they had furely fet him :
But fate procur'd him, in the fufs,
Safe fea-room, and a birth with us.

A look, pray, for a moment caft
On yon long lubber, next the maft !
He conn'd your learned lingo pat,—
Your Hebrew-latin,—and all that :

But when, unskill'd to stem the tide,
The hurricane of life he try'd,
And beat up, right in the wind's eye,
(No log-book of experience nigh,)
He lost his helm, his main-sail tore,
And run his vessel bump ashore ;
Then hove out signals of distress,
Glad to make one in any mess.

Steady !—I 'm veering out, I find,
More knots an hour than I design'd :
Wherefore, 'tis time to fall aback ;
And haul up on a closer tack :—
While all the residue, first and last,
However station'd, mess'd, or class'd,
The busy, buzzing, bustling crowds,
Of midship, fore-castle, and shrouds,
Who cables coil, who tacklings sling,
Who reef, who splice, who climb, who swing ;
All who command, and eke who swab in
Hold, gallery, quarter-deck, or cabin,

Starboard and larboard, more or less,
In one round-robin I compress ;
Each frank and free, by each to stand ;
Each prompt, with each to bear a hand ;
Each prone, staunch prowess to exert,
Stem, stays, and stern, alive, alert ;
Each patient, watch and ward to take ;
Each faithful, one reserve to make :—
“ Reserve ? ”—you ’ll say ! —“ pray what reserve ? ”
—Ev’n that,—from which they never swerve :—
For tho’ they scorn to hoard and heap,
The votive grog they sacred keep,
To toast, when every week’s-work ends,
King, Country, Sweethearts, Families, Friends !
While thus their generous maxims run,
To *give* to ALL—but *yield* to NONE !
Defended by such Sons, as these,
No wonder BRITAIN awes the Seas :—
Danger, that makes the milk-sop droop,
But sets their courage cock-a-heap ;

Sinews their arms ; expands their breasts :—

Then ! for “ *Up hammocks and down chests !*”

Then ! for the Naval Empire’s claim !

Then ! for old ENGLAND’s Flag, and Fame !

Then ! when her angry Thunders burst,

Perhaps—*another* JUNE THE FIRST !

MINOR POETRY.

MUCH of PARNASSUS, and it's heights sublime,
We read in antient writ, and modern rhyme :—
Heights, which, tho' millions in th' attempt engage,
Scarce one can reach ; and hardly once an age.

Tho' all in eager multitudes contend,
Rivals for fummits, which so few ascend,
Full many a station of the sacred spot,
Might amply fit less proud ambition's lot :
For numerous tracts of varied landscape fill
Th' adjacent vales, and slope along the hill.

Of these —'tis all my little skill can do—
Permit me now to sketch a bird's-eye view ;

Nor scorn (howe'er inadequate the scrap)

A school-geographer's poetic map.

In smooth extent, which rural beauties grace,
A spacious level skirts the mountain's base :
There might retire, there chaunt, the pastoral swains,
The COLINS, and the DAMONS of the plains ?
There in soft minstrelsy's eternal round,
Wed words to words, wherever sound meets found ;
Till each responsive spray, the meads among,
Quivers in cadence, blossoms into song.

Full to the fight, in distant prospect, towers
A grove of myrtles, twining into bowers.
There love-sick spirits manufacture figs,
Embalm in metre, dimples, lips, and eyes :
Vows, flatteries, perjuries, Echo's haunts invade ;
Hopes, fears, and jealousies breathe from every shade.
Benymphs coy, kind, true, false, fair, brown, short, tall,
Some passionate madrigal be-rhymes them all.

Where tangling briers, in form of fence, between
Two carpet lawns, diversify the scene,

The rough, rude tribe of satirists might reside ;
Cynics, who snarl, and scorers, who deride.
Avoid their gripe, ye virtuous, and ye sage !
Too oft for interest, or for spleen, they rage.
'Twere well, did vice alone feel their attack !
Or truth reserve their thorns for folly's back !

Where from the turf, a gradual eminence swells,
The whiffing breeze a windmill's sails impels ;
There, as in hives, might swarm the sons of whim ;
The crotchet-mongers of fantastic trim ;
Who retail fancy's frolics, oddity's hits,—
Maggots of genius ! real nutshell wits !
Wags, who in masques grotesque shake humour's chin ;
Pun in conundrums,—or in epigrams grin !

A little farther on, from forth a cave,
Bursts an abrupt cascade's sonorous wave ;
Whose dashing fragments might announce th' abode,
Where lofty language labours—big with ode ;
Spurns vulgar comprehension's hackney'd ways ;
Soars past the confines of pedestrian phrase ;

Above connection, method, or design,

In muse-mad rant, eccentrically fine !

Not far from this ascent a forest lies ;

Whose broad old oaks in mossy grandeur rise :—

There dwell the bards, who social aims avow,

And deck with civic wreaths the patriot brow :

Whose popular strains at once record, and raise,

The sailor's spirit, and the soldier's praise :

While conscious, " BRITONS never will be slaves,"

Zeal shouts from voice to voice, " BRITANNIA rule the

" waves."

More upland still, and thro' an avenue seen,

Stands a fair clump of laurels, ever green ;

Where rove the guardian bards of each bright name,

Which verse and virtue consecrate to fame ;

Names of such men, as Heaven's best signature

wore ;

Whose least distinction was the rank they bore ;

Names, which improv'd humanity loves to hear ;

Names, to integrity honourably dear ;—

Names, which by every test of merit known,
Truth may transcribe, ev'n now, from BRITAIN'S
THRONE !

While thus, for others, separate seats I trace,
Perhaps you'll ask me, where myself I'd place ;
—What place becomes me, you must judge, not I ;
—What place I'd wish for, I'll confess,—and why :
I'd mount, where poesy's first enthusiasts stood ;
High as old HOMER :—higher, if I could !—
There boast how good a work, with what good will,
Your ancestors did *here* ;—and You do still :—
Then every Muse to choral symphony woo,
In numbers worthy THEM, and worthy You.

P O E M A T A

QUÆDAM
L A T I N A.

VOL. I.

N



POEMAT A

QUÆDAM

L A T I N A.

HOC AGE.

UXOREM PAULUS rixosam (judicis, ut par,
Commenfurato pollice) fuste dolat :
Quid meruit mulier quærentibus, “ hoc,” ait ille,
“ Nunc ago, ne deinceps hoc agat illa mihi !”

HOC AGE.

“ AH ! ego si moriar,” sic PAULA affata maritum est,
“ Tu, mi vir, nostro in funere, tu quid ages ?”
“ Sit de me mora nulla,” ait ille ; “ in pace quiescas ;
“ Hoc age tu—ut potero, quod mihi restat, agam.”

HOC AGE.

“ Hoc agite,” ex unâ conclamat parte senatus :
“ Hoc agite, e contra,” oppositi legio undique
scamni :

Publica nempe, prout vel habet jam quisque, vel
ambit

Munera ; vel frustra sperans, invidit habenti.

At quorsum hæ lites, verbosæque jurgia tendunt ?

—Pro Prætria, heu ! agitur nil prorsus : —de Prætria
actum est !

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

BATTUS agit primæ taciturnus tempora noctis :

Nil sentire loqui, nil, nihil esse putes.

At vice non dubiâ, post certos incalet haustus ;

Et catus argutos spargit abunde sales.

Serior aut citior, BATTO venit hora leporis,

Ut cito, vel sero, quarta lagena venit.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

CONQUERITUR populus, quod sit brevis hora juventæ,

Recte : —sed longam LESBIA credit anus.

Nunquam ita se juvenem meminit, quin posset amari ;

Nunquam ita se vetulam, quin amet ipsa, putat !

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

TERNA bono ALPHONSO, in votis bona summa
fuerunt ;

Scripta vetusta ; vetusque uva ; comesque vetus.
Scripta, uvam, comites, bene vis, ALPHONSE ; sed
cheu !

Quæ facit hos veteres, te facit hora senem !

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

AR, longa est, sed vita brevis ;—sic scripserat olim
Illustriis medicâ calliditate senex.

Dicite nunc, medici, colitis si *longius* artem,
An *brevior* nobis vita futura fiet ?

Κεῦσ' αὖ χαλκίων.

LAURUM olim optantes, aurum meruere poetæ :
Nunc, aurum optantes, quid meruere —Nihil.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

LIBERA, salva, Patrem CICERONEM ROMA salutans,
 Addidit hoc laudis, quod Novus esset Homo.
 Libertas ut nostra stet intemerata, salusque,
 Non Homo, sed Populus debuit esse Novus !

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

„ **L**EGE novâ vivas, mediocria pocula sumas ;” —
 Sic sponsum ebriolum sobria sponsa monet :
 Dudum ille audierat :—tandem, “ Charissima conjux,
 “ Crede, novum hoc,” inquit, “ res negat ipsa
 “ pati :
 “ Unde novis locus est ;—fungor vice simplice ;—
 “ et usque
 “ Quum fitis est, bibitur—quum bibitur, fitis
 “ est !”

SPLENDEAT USU.

PILLULA, si medici fors jussu pillula danda est,
 Exhibet auratam rite superficiem.

Consult hâc medicus morboſis conditione,
Quâ ſibi conſultum conditione velit :
Atque idea ſolers aſperrima pharmaca inaurat,
Munus ut ex auro largiter ipſe ferat.
At verò interea ægrotus, medicuſque viciffim
Sumit uterque aurum diſpare lege ſuum.
Nam toties quoties, plerumque fit ægrior æger ;
At toties quoties, lætior eſt medicus.

VIREſ ACQUIRIT EUNDO—

DE FAMA hoc olim dixit MARO ; deque MARONE
FAMA dehinc, omni tempore, dicet idem.

VIREſ ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

COTTA madens multo, ſumma uſque ad guttura,
Baccho,
Præcipiti properat vi titubando domum.
It tutus pergendo tamen, dum pergit eundo ;
Sin curſu ambiguo deſinat ire, cadit.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

JUSTITIÆ vittâ pictores lumina cingunt ;
 In lite ut videat parte ab utrâque nihil.
 At vos, caufidici, positam malè demite ocellis
 Fasciolam : et potius stet Dea vineta manus !
 Non rogo ne videat quod utrâque ex parte videndum est ;
 Id curo, ut *tangat* parte ab utrâque nihil.

Καλὰ πείσανται.

PENDULA, ab herôum nutavit vertice quondam
 Pluma, corruscantis cassidis altus honos ;
 Quam sibi jam nostro sumit quoque tempore virgo ;
 Victricique decens omine, fronte gerit.
 Pristina sic referunt præsentia sæcla ; fidemque
 Fabellis veterum postera facta ferunt :
 Quippe ea, quæ fuerant olim MAVORTIA signa,
 Gestat adhuc, parili non sine laude, VENUS.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

MANE fori juxta subfellia caufidicus stat,
Et triplicis caudæ gestat abunde decus ;
Vespere sed caput ornat rarus utrinque capillus,
Tortaque porcino pendula vitta modo :
Nec tamen est alius, quàmvis mutatus ; eundem
Idque suo damno, sentiet usque cliens.

NOSMET NOSTRI NON POENITET.

MAJOR jam ferulâ ; de quo dubitetur alumno,
Semivir anne puer, semipuerve vir est,
OXONI Matris gremium commigrat ad alium ;
Fitque togatorum in plebe, **TOGATUS** HOMO.
Plurimus hunc senior naso suspendit adunco ;
Quippe **RECENTEM ALIQUEM**, ex veste recente,
vocat ;
Ille tamen, novus incedens Academicus, ultro
Ponè trahit longum pallii, cundo, decus :

Et, plus quam lætum nitidæ nigredine lanæ,
 Non piget, aut pudet, aut pœnitet esse nigram.
 Terminus ut sensim succedit termino, et annus
 Anno, in subfuscum tritus amictus abit :
 Sed neque sic triti, et fuscati pœnitet ; ipso hoc
 Scilicet indicio, se probat esse SORPUM.
 Cum penè exacto pro formâ tempore, primum
 Expectat, studii præmia prima, gradum,
 Scissa modis miris toga (vix toga, vix fragmentum)
 Squallidulum, ac lacerum pensile, verrit humum :
 Nec magis—immo minus nunc pœnitet, hoc sibi, nulli
 Non sat perspicui, pignus honoris habet :
 Pœnite at panni, quibus est cutis unica cura !—
 Hic, jam pannosus, cras GRADUATUS erit !

EQUES.

QUANTUM possit eques, quam ductilis ardor
 equorum est,
 Rubricâ in quovis affixâ poste, typo gi-
 -ganteo, longisque ambagibus exhibet ASTLEY.

—Credulus accedo — pretium numero — intro —
recumbo.

Principiò iavehitur, qui tergum erectus equinum
Calce premens superimpositâ, mille integrat orbes.
Alternâ plantâ versatilis; in caput, ultro,
Prorsum, retrorsum revolutus,—jamque supinus,
Jam pronus, jam suspensus, similisque caduco,
Defilit, ac refilit; trans,-sub,-super,-in-filit;—Exit.

Qui sequitur dubio libramine dimidiatus
Binos urget equos; quos inter, proh pudor! hæret
Pendula, succussanda rudi, muliercula, cursu.

His vix dimissis, succedit ternio equorum,
Quos eques, ex alto incumbens regit, unus et idem:
Huc, illuc, agilis saltu; repetitque, novatque,
Multiplicatque vices—* ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ασφαλὲς αἰεὶ
Θρώσκων, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀμείβεται· οἱ δὲ πετονίαι·

Mox venit ASTLEÏ, spes altera patris, Iulus,
Celsus equo phaleris, phaleratior ipse, superbo.

* Iliad, l. 15. v. 683.

Quam scitè ad numeros percurrit ephippia ! Primò
Grandior incesſu, et poſitu, geſtuque decorus !
Deinde melos levius, lepidè, levioribus æquans
Paſſibus, ambiguos quaſi figat in aëre grefſus !

Miror ego—hæc quorſum tendent miracula, planè
Ignarus ;—niſi forte, ut lucum dicimus eſſe
A non lucendo,—ſic iſta equitatio, ab arte
Proveniat, quâ non potis eſt equitare violator ;
Nec vult, ſi poſſet ; nec ſi velit, uſus, opuſve eſt.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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